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P O E M S
OF
H O P E A N D A C T I O N.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

ONCE the welcome Light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, Tongue and Pen!
Aid it, hopes of honest men!
Aid it, Paper! aid it, Type!
Aid it, for the hour is ripe!
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play;
Men of Thought, and Men of ACTION!
CLEAR THE WAY!

CHARLES MACKAY.

"Lo! the song
Wakes up from altars of spontaneous fire,
While Laborers of HOPE their prayers prolong
To Toil's high worship, ACTION!"—Page 128.

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BY WM. OLAND BOURNE,

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TO
MY MOTHER, MY SISTER, AND MY WIFE,
THESE PAGES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.



F A T H E R .

FATHER! in boyhood's hours my often dreams
Pictured the golden Autumn of thy days,
When thou, with fond delight, might'st smiling praise
My loving deeds. Life is not what it seems.
An hour oft mars the canvas, and the flush
That Hope flings o'er the future, dims and fades :
So o'er my heart an hour cast solemn shades,
And Death passed by my soul's loved flowers to crush.
I e'er go sighing that thou art not here,
Yet would not call thee back from Heaven's pure clime,
But trusting pray that at my passing time,
I may with thee in holy lands appear—
Where parting, sighing, sorrow, pain no more
The radiant throngs that tread on glory's blissful shore.

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HOPE AND ACTION.

THE REFORMER.

A PROPHET, speaking in the HOLY LAND,
With Promise on his tongue, and sight that pierced
The cloudy vista of the coming years,
Made known MESSIAH. Thought profound and vast,
That inspiration gave, and burning words,
And revelation of the plan of God,
In awful imagery or tender strain,
Gave Hope to angels who had hung their harps
On willows sad, and spoke of Hope to Man,
Poor wanderer from paths of endless life.

Lo! when the fulness of the time had come,
A Man of Sorrows, pouring out his tears—
That meekly walked, and spoke eternal life
To dying man; that lowly bowed with grief,
To give unending bliss; that had no place
To lay his head; that spoke divinest words
Of glorious love; whose voice gave life in death,

And sweetly bade the erring world FORGIVE !
No royal birth made herald of his day ;
No earthly pomp proclaimed his titled name ;
But angels, in their glory, stooped on wings
Of heavenly grace, and sung their holy strain
Of Peace on Earth, that brought Good-Will to man.

CHRIST, the Redeemer, with his fallen race
Came down to dwell ! To walk in mortal form,
And prophesy of peace where discord reigned—
To give immortal food to souls that loved
To die !—To break the captive's chain, and set
The prisoner free !—To bid the troubled sea,
That ever tossed its waves of strife, " Be still !"
To rend the tomb, and o'er its portals write,
" I am the Resurrection and the Life !"
And seal the Promise with Eternal Love.

The Godhead dies in Man ! Despised of men,
The worm rejects his God ! The proud contemn,
The evil curse, the scorners mock, the vile
Deride the Pure ! Messiah dies to breathe
The godlike word, FORGIVE ! The Giver yields
To death : He bears the sin-avenging stroke,
And leaves his Spirit to reform and save.

Then Prophets, with the gift of many tongues,
Declared His name. The Parthian hung his bow,
The sacred fires went out on Persian hills,
And Greeks, that trod the classic shades, and reared

Their altars high, adored "THE UNKNOWN GOD!"
Egyptians left their Nile, and where their gods
Of every form were worshipped, spoke His name;
Arabs that roamed the dreary waste were tamed;
The balmy Ind sent forth its sweet perfume
To mingle with the praise; and strangers came
And learned, and spread the tidings o'er the world.
The Pantheon, where demons sat enthroned
In mystery, and led the soul to death,
Was wrapped in Lethe's night,—and fabled gods,
In shrines forsaken, mourned their worshippers.
Faith took her glorious form, and Truth, unbound,
Spread o'er the world her Hope-emboldened wing.

TRUTH, the Reformer, met the hoary Lie,
And gave him battle. Deeds of glory crowned
His brilliant race, and from the Pagan thrones,
And sunny plains, and from scholastic walks,
He hurled the Azrael legion down to doom.

But Error lingered in her crimson garb,
And o'er the nations wove her dreamy spell,
In years of Night. She took the radiant page,
And with Tradition's web obscured its light,
And hid in secret cells the holy Word.
Art took the throne of Reason! Gorgeous piles,
The monuments of Thought that strove to gain
The Ideal Beauty, reared their costly domes,
And shrouded in the pictured beam of light
The Worshipper. Old Superstition won

The trusting Faith, and Revelation dimmed
With oft-repeated tales : and Priests and Kings,
Enthroned in power, or sitting in the place
Of God, led millions in their bloody paths,
And bound their faith in Fear's corroding chain.

Then THE REFORMER left his lonely cell,
And standing high in Heaven's commissioned right,
Sent forth the lightning flash, and rent the gloom.
O glorious dawning of the coming day !
That called the waking soul from shades of death,
And bade it seek the Eternal ! O'er the hills,
The rays went leaping on to distant lands ;
From Alpine peaks to where the Pyrenees
Look down on flowery Spain, or Britain's isle
Is laved by Northern Seas ; or Norway's strand,
Where sweeps the Maelstrom to its centre driven ;
Or where the chosen vine with purple grape
Gave joy to Gallia's sons ; and Teuton tongues
Their vespers sung ; and soft Italia's sky
Was flushed with beams of Heaven's imparted bliss.

But, single-tongued, the Prophet could not speak
And wake the world. Then Genius gave to Art
Inventive Power. In night's long toilsome hours,
And weary days of care and anxious thought,
Slow shaping to its end, the lab'rer tasked
His longing mind ! Great thought of struggling life !
To multiply the page and scatter wide
The leaves that healing gave to wounded hearts !

To catch the words divine, and give them wings
 Of flashing light—to break the midnight deep,
 And on the moving world in rapture pour
 The swelling flood—when FAUST revealed THE PRESS.

O ART OMNIPOTENT! Beyond my pen
 Aright to name! That woke the slumbering world,
 And, at the sacred font baptized in Truth,
 Gave first in labors long the Holy Word! (a)
 NOBLEST OF ARTS! Thus consecrate to man!
 REFORMER in the robes of heavenly light!
 Thy rapid feet o'erstepped the giant hills,
 And crossed the dreary waste—o'erleaped the wave,
 And speaking in the ears of nations dead,
 Woke Freedom's cry for ever!

Soon the chains

Fell off in rusty links! The free-born mind
 Burst from its shackles and its race begun.
 And though the Smithfield fires the page consumed,
 And fierce anathemas were madly hurled
 Upon thy way, triumphant still thy voice
 Was ever heard! REFORMER clothed in might!
 The angel flying o'er the world to wing
 The everlasting Gospel, and proclaim
 Oppression's doom! To bid the sightless eye
 Look up and see its Maker! To the dumb,
 Who bore the fetter, give resistless power!
 And where the pris'ner in his dungeon lay,
 Or rayless night hung round the toiling slave,
 To speak Redemption in the captive's ear!

No more the scribe with trembling pen consumed
 His waning years ! No more the parchment rolled,
 With page illuminate, in monkish cells
 Confined ; no more the oft-repeated tale
 Was heard unweighed ; Inquiry stripped the mask
 Tradition wore, and Learning stooped to win
 The simple child who else had died untaught.
 With Science, arm in arm the Prophet walked ;
 When proud exploring led the lofty mind
 From sphere to sphere, where systems circle round
 Th' Eternal Throne, or in abysmal search
 Brought wonders from the earth's remotest caves,
 He caught the impress, and diffused the ray !

The Poet harped, and millions heard the strain ;
 The numbers rolled, and swift o'er many lands
 They gave pulsation to the quickened heart
 And woke its smothered fire. Where Freedom rung
 Her clarion peal, and on the mountain peak
 Lit beacons up, or in the lowly vale,
 Where quiet hamlets sleep in lasting peace,
 They stirred the patriot band ! The Prophet tongue
 Was silent as the page, but words of fire
 Made hearts to burn, and kindled up the vows,
 That, sworn at Freedom's altar, ne'er shall fail ! .

Prophet of many tongues ! that reached the throne
 Where despots sat, or in the lowly cot,
 With strain impassioned, spoke of right divine !
THE WORLD'S REFORMER ! In thy thunder peals
 Old tyrants heard their doom. The quaking earth

Rocked wildly at their feet, and swallowed up
 Pretensions absolute and "right of kings ;"
 The heaving sea that nevermore shall rest
 Till He shall speak the raging world to peace,
 Lashed round their tottering thrones, and swept away
 The sinking sands, and on the ruins left
 The promise of the Future !

Grasping still

Like skeletons that walk in films of flesh,
 Their ancient power, they hold the sceptre forth
 With trembling fingers, while their pulses beat
 With speechless dread ! The Ahabs who have led
 The people to their graves ! Whom, cursing deep,
 The Prophet points to famine in their prime !
 The Herod crew who lay their butcher hand
 Upon the prophets who would bring them life.
 THE WORLD'S REFORMER ! Millions hear thy voice,
 And rising from their chains, in native might,
 Demand thy tones. In upright form they stand,
 And bid the tyrants loose thy potent tongue !
 With arm uplifted high to Heaven's blue vault
 They fling the promise forth, and where thy voice
 Proclaims thine altar, there they stand and swear,
 By life and death, by cherished love for home,
 By hate for damning wrong, by earth's broad seal,
 By Heaven's eternal name, "WE WILL BE FREE !"

O WONDROUS ART ! By thee Columbia speaks !
 By thee the nations of the earth are blessed !

Where'er her name is heard, and Freedom's star
 Shines through oppression's gloom, thy thrilling power
 Breathes o'er the waking world ! The freeman treads
 On distant shores, and tribes of men resound
 His earnest cry. THE PRESS, inspiring Hope,
 Makes prophecy of Love. It points the eye
 To western skies where earth is still unstained.
 Slavonian races watch the guiding star,
 And with Milesians mingle in the race
 To Freedom's home. The Teuton serf awakes
 From dreamy sleep, and Alps to Ural ring
 The thunder peal. On Tiber's muddy bank,
 Or where the Lazarones bask out their days,
 Or famed Geneva's lake reflects the stars,
 Its lightning flash is speaking from the sky.
 The pris'ner sees it in his cheerless cell !
 The slave rejoices though in rusty chains !
 And ancient hills, where Dion trod to dust
 His bleeding foes, return the rolling hymn.

O ART PRESERVATIVE ! Thou giv'st to thought
 Uncounted utterings ! Discovery breaks
 The seal of mystery, and swift she flies
 With countless tongues to tell a waiting world.
 Where science leads to secret walks, thy path
 Is known. And where Philosophy explores
 Long hidden Truth, it takes thy fullest ray.
 RECORDING ART ! Historians love thy birth,
 And Commerce spreads her sails at thy behest.
 To thee all Art is bound—from thee receives

New power and form—preserving all that gives
 Impress of beauty to the inner life.
 The Sculptor shapes his marble, but to thee
 Must bow ! The Painter makes the canvas speak,
 But few can feel the impress ! Music dies
 In undulating sound, and harps are still !
 And Orators, that poured impassioned words
 Of Eloquence, give up their sway—to THEE !
 ENNOBLING ART ! What honored names are thine !
 Scholars like him that versed the holy page—(b)
 Philosophers that turned the lightning's path—
 And poets who have tuned the winning lyre !

The Soul, bright effluence from the Sun Eternal,
 Orbing its circuit in its godlike sphere,
 Is full of Promise ! Forth from bliss it came,
 Baptised in angel harmonies that rung
 From sphere to sphere, when morning stars awoke
 Their seraph strain ! when Heaven's divinest choir,
 And Earth's unsullied scenes—and Ocean's waves,
 That joyous worshipped round Elysian Isles—
 And winged birds—and harmless beasts that roamed
 On verdant hills—and in the sunny ray
 Insects that hummed their busy hymn of love,
 And Nature, in her virgin robe attired,
 Looked up, with dewy eyes of grateful love,
 And poured their praise in Heaven's attentive ear.

Great destiny of being ! thus to hear,
 First sound that caught Perception's listening sense,

The blessing of the Giver ! Countless spheres,
And circling systems in unmeasured paths
Rejoiced that God had given another orb
To Love's domain ; where Joy immaculate
And holy Faith, that linked the new-born soul
To glory infinite, should reign supreme.

Dwelling of God in Man ! Great thought in being !
That linked Divinity to dust—that made
Earth's dust a temple, where His spirit breathed
And bade Hope swing her censer ; while with Faith,
And Harmony that drew the strains of bliss
From spirit harps that round the Tree of Life
Were ever strung, they caught the living fire.
Love's golden altar set with radiant gems
Of pearly deeds ; life-giving Truth that shone
With Glory's seal, and Purity that looked
With angel eye on Earth, then sought her God.

Dwelling of Man in God ! That woke the dust
And gave it life—that took a wondrous form
And walking forth in earth's first sinless hours,
With thought contemplative, enwrapped in bliss,
Adored th' Eternal Author ! Child of Light,
He sought th' Unfailing Source ! Endued with thought
He soared in lofty mood, and walked unfrayed,
At evening shades with Mind Unsearchable !
The air was full of Him ! The breathing winds
That swept o'er flowery meads and fanned his brow
Spoke silently of God. The cooling shade

Was worship's holy veil. The lofty trees
With rustling leaves spoke symphonies of praise,
The flowing stream that mirrored forth the stars
Spoke of the River from the Throne. The birds
Woke melodies that thrilled the soul with strains
Of gentle love! The lion spoke of God
With kingly voice! The noble beasts that roamed
O'er vocal hills, and finny tribes, and things
Of humming wing, replied in many tongues,
Or flashing gleam, and with Creation's lord
Kept sweet companionship! All spoke of God!
All pure, all praising, all in worship led
The mind to God! The stars allured the eye
To heaven's blue depths, where full in beauty rolled
The virgin moon! The sun woke morning songs,
And all day long, and in the evening walks,
And night's deep shades, the soul communed with God—
Him seen, Him known, Him worshipped and adored.

But soon an angel from the dusky realm
Of death and gloom, The Tempter, came and broke
The holy chain: unloosed the pearly gates,
Unbound the worshipper—his incense turned
To gloom, his faith to doubt, gave Hope distrust,
Bade Love sink down to self, made Truth a lie,
And turned the robe of Purity to dross.

Time brought the silvery crown for aged man,
And made his Paradise a Vale of Tears!
Earth bore her thistles—loving beasts went forth

And fought untamed, and lightnings flashed their wrath,
And rolling thunders spoke from heavy clouds
That wrapped the sky, and man, from glory fallen,
Bore Sin's condemning stain to seal the doom.

Tall Anakims of sin that trod the earth
In iron mail, and bound the captive tribes
To chariot wheels that dragged the victims down
To hopeless dungeons in the vales of woe,
Built thrones of gold, and set them round with things
Of costly birth—the toil of millions wronged—
The tears of generations turned by lust
To crystal gems—the alchemy of death
That made the sigh of one breathe joy for him
Who wrung the pang—that made the bleeding vein
Yield life for him who slew his brother—welled
Sweet nectar forth from springs of deep despair.

The Anarch in confusion sought and found
His Golden Age! Where Riot's tempest ruled
And swept the Earth—whence Order fled dismayed,
And Peace resought her native home on high—
He sported mid the Ruins. Reaching forth
With dastard hand he tore Love's altar down,
And set his Ashtaroths in chosen groves,
With Fraud's insensate brood of Baalim
Innumerable, and on their altars burned
Hate's incense with the offerings of the dead.

Nimrods, that hunted down the human flock
In Babel strifes, spread War's remorseless woe

In blood and carnage. With their robber hosts
Well marshalled, and their swords of lust and fire,
They slew the weaker : Made a central law
Of Might, round which they wove their ruffian plea
Of conquering Right, and gave the world a creed
Of infamy and wrong : With despot heel
Trode o'er the helpless victims, while they wrung
Their bitter cries from pierced hearts, and cursed
With deep despair the feeble soul ! The plains
Made fertile with their blood, gave harvest fruits ;
The reddened streams the feet of mountains laved,
And wide domains, that else had trimmed the vine
And pressed the autumn juice, filled goblets up
With crimson draughts, and dyed the warrior's hand.

The Sea, that spoke sublimely of its God,
And made her harmony in Nature's choir—
Type of the Unchanging One who made its shores—
Gave sport for man, who mocked its storms and fears
In Crime's pursuit ; who dared his puny bark
Upon its mountain wave, in search of sin ;
Who rode its boundless waste for GOLD, and left
His guiding star, his landmarks sure, his all,
For cheating GOLD ! The God of fallen man !
The altar where were slain uncounted souls !
The shrine where deathless spirits offered up
Infinite bliss, and took the yellow dross
Of grovelling Earth for Heaven's eternal fields !
The mart where Glory at a discount fell
In Mammon's bid ; where Love by ingots weighed

Corrupted, lost her name ; where parents sold
 Their children's fame, and took their pay in GOLD.
 Kings bartered millions of their slaves for GOLD.
 Princes were dead to all things else but GOLD.
 And Justice, in her temple blinded well,
 And Priests, that taught the oracles of life,
 Learned Death from GOLD. Debasing all that caught
 Its winning charm, it paved the way to Death.

O World ! how deeply fallen from thy sphere !
 O Mind ! how lost thy noblest wing of thought !
 O Soul ! how base thy form—how lost art thou
 To God's similitude—how deep thy stain !

O ART DIVINE ! In thee the world shall find
 Its GREAT REFORMER ! Knowledge springs from thee
 As flashes light in noonday's golden beam !
 On darkened minds thy leaping rays shall pour,
 And where the written page outweighed the gold,
 And mouldered silent, and to archives gave
 Surpassing worth, the child shall toy in thee !
 The sightless win thee from the printed page !
 The deaf have visual prophecy of bliss !
 And they whose tongues were never loosed to speak
 Rejoicing words, can break their silent spell.

PROPHET OF MANY TONGUES ! To truth divine
 Thy foot was consecrate ! O'er distant lands
 Thy path has led, and long-untutored tribes
 Thy presence feel, and learn the brighter way.

Thy handmaid, Faith—that points the darkened eye
 From earthly sense to Hope's seraphic wing—
 Giving true law to nations springing now
 From Error's night, and bearing healing leaves
 From Life's loved Tree, that in its freshness blooms.
 The exile from his home who flies to teach
 The wandering soul, with thee declares the balm.
 Where China's millions at their altars bow,
 And Japan's children tread the Christian's Cross
 Beneath their feet ; and on the balmy plain
 Where Brama leads the Hindoo to his shrine—
 To where the Tartar roams, or driving snows
 Sweep down Siberian hills to Northern Seas—
 Thy voice shall speak.

From where Pomare gave (e)

First uttering to thy voice, to coral isles
 That breast the rolling surf, or giant peaks
 That lift their hoary brows o'er beating waves ;
 Where wild Fijiis' demoniac orgies hold
 O'er conquered foes, and grand Marquesan hills
 Preserve their silent reign ; to Austral wastes,
 And o'er the Countless Isles, thy power shall speak.

The jargon tongues of Afric's burning sands
 Shall take their written language from thy skill—
 And mystic hieroglyphs, that hide the lore
 Of Egypt's brightest age, shall give to thee
 Their secret thoughts—and mossy monoliths
 That deck Palmyra's wastes, shall bow to thee.

The classic walks where sages stood and spoke
Their cherished words—and ancient hills, where rose
The polished marble on their summits high—
Byzantium's crowded gates, and steppes vast
Of Russia's wide domain—Italia's scenes—
The towering Alps—the fields of sunny France—
And where the ice-bound shores address the Pole
With stormy surf, and bright Auroras light
The wintry sky—thy countless tongues shall speak.

All round the world thy Prophet path shall shine !
REFORMER thou ! with gift of every tongue,
Thy sway shall reach the sons of every clime !
NOBLEST OF ARTS ! REFORMER ! ART DIVINE !
To Truth first consecrate ! Thy spirit be
Imparted from on high ! The Gospel wings
To every land by thee ! Thy name shall pour
Extatic light on Adam's wandering race.
Faith puts her trust in thee in earnest prayer !
Hope spreads her wings, and with awaking power
Bids Love put on her sandals clothed in Peace !
And bearing Knowledge on thy speeding way,
With Science aiding Truth, our God to thee
Shall give His Spirit to reform the world !

NOTES.

(a) It is a singular and beautiful fact in the history of the Art of Printing, that the BIBLE was the first printed book. It required TEN YEARS, from 1450 to 1460, to execute the task. In 1457 Faust issued the Book of Psalms, marking a step in the progress of the work. The public exhibition of his books in Paris, under the pretence that they were manuscripts, gave rise to the popular story of "Faust and the Devil." Being charged with these unholy dealings, he was imprisoned, when, in order to obtain his liberty, he was obliged to disclose the process of his new art. The pretended charge against him, and his imprisonment, were probably designed to extort the secret of the art by which he could produce so many copies exactly similar, to even the minutest strokes and points.

(b) ROBERT STEPHENS, a Printer and accomplished scholar, of Paris. The Bible having been divided into Chapters by Hugo de Sancto Caro, a Roman Catholic Cardinal, in the year 1240, the Old Testament was subdivided into verses by Mordecai Nathan, a Jewish Rabbi, in the year 1440. Stephens accomplished the subdivision of the New Testament in his leisure hours, while on a visit from Paris to Marseilles, in 1563.

(c) Pronounced Po-ma-ray. He introduced Printing into Polynesia—setting up the first types on the 10th, and taking the first impressions on the 30th of June, 1817.

HOPE'S AIRY ISLES.

DREAM-BORN isles repose, I ween,
Far away in Fancy's clime—
Calm are they, and dimly seen,
Through the sensuous film of Time.

Bosomed on a gentle sea,
Fanned by zephyrs soft and sweet,
Where the minstrel air-harps be,
Breathing songs the winds repeat.

There the dreamy air is filled
With a haze-invoken hue,
Bathed in which the soul is stilled
All its inner senses through.

On the sands bright gems appear,
Shimmering forth with priceless pearls,
While the waves approaching near,
Wreath them round with crystal curls.

Hushed is old Æolus' tone,
In this pure, delicious clime,
Where my dream's refulgent zone
Robes them all with light sublime.

Far beyond, mid gentle vales,
Graceful slopes, or sun-tipped hills,
Light-born, Orphic nightingales
Wake the sound that through me thrills.

Melting through my soul are strains
All-pervading, full of bliss—
Holy, passionless refrains,
From my spirit's love-abyss.

In my Polyhymnian isle
Stands a truth-built sapphire throne—
Gem-lit harps of gold beguile
Earth's dull ear with seraph tone.

There is one where Paphian dreams
Wake the thrill of joy-born tears,
Leading Hope to bathe in streams
Coursing Life's approaching years.

There is one where songs upborne
Spring forth, like a mellow hue,
On the soft winds of the morn,
When their whisperings they renew.

Pen nor pencil can declare
Tithe of tithe of things that be,

In those islands springing fair
From my Thought's unfathomed sea.

Oft I bid my spirit wing
Over sea its sense-bound flight,
Sighing, if it cannot sing,
Past the dusky shores of Night.

Forth from shadowy realms where now
Doubt and darkness cover me—
Bidding Faith to deck the prow
Of my thought-winged Argosie.

But I turn from vision-seeing,
From my pencilling of dreams,
Back to thoughts of earnest being—
Life's wide thought and fact extremes.

Here, a cold and bleak, dark cliff
In the stern land of the Real,
Do I dwell on, wondering—if
I may reach the loved Ideal.

And I ask my Soul—"Am I
Ever bound to clog and clod?
Utterings deep, Aspirings high,
Lead me forth to Truth and God."

Comes this answer to my ear,
Filled with melody and power,
"Walk in duty steadfast here,
Watch and pray! Redeem the hour!

“ With high aims seek thou to live—
 With high purposes to do—
 They to Hope's Ideal give
 Trust's unclouded point of view.

“ Life is stern to souls that look
 Faint, distrusting, on their path,
 But to thee becomes a book,
 Glorious with the Joy it hath.”

SONNET.

In the bright morn of youth our path we tread,
 Tripping along to noonday's dusty road,
 Where, toilworn, we oft labor with our load,
 Till evening's silvering clouds float o'er our head ;
 In Life's bright morn our cheek, with flushing bloom,
 Dimples with mirth's amusings, till the care
 Of sterner life comes on for us to bear,
 While Time still draws us onward to the tomb ;
 In all these seasons Wisdom points the way—
 In all these changes seeks to teach the soul,
 That while our moments in their current roll,
 We may be led to an unclouded day,
 Where noon, and night, and toil are known no more,
 But in eternal morn the ransomed soul shall soar.

BLADES OF STEEL.

I saw two glittering Blades of Steel,
Drawn from the same metallic bar ;
“This,” said the brawny son of toil,
“Shall reap the riches of the soil,
While this shall win uncounted spoil
’Mid carnage and the shrieks of war.”

Twin particles of shining ore—
Twin atoms from the gloomy mine
Were here divided, and they bore
The impress of some great design ;
And I resolved, with steady aim
To trace their history and their fame.

At last—no matter how—we met—
Strange apposition it may be !
On one a radiant gem was set,
Which, red with dripping blood was wet,
Dipped in the strife’s ensanguined sea :

While he that heard the Yeoman's vow
Had all rust-reddened with the sweat
That fell from Labor's honest brow.

He with a brilliant eye, that beamed
Beneath a hilt of burnished gold,
In rich attire, could scarce behold
His toil-worn mate, who humbled seemed
Before the princely form that stood
In martial pride—for neither dreamed
Of close-affianced brotherhood.

But strangers oft upon their way
Hold converse, and we comrades sought,
For such beguiling of the day,
To tell what novelties we brought—
How we had fared—
What dangers shared—
And thus awake the slumbering thought.

The plain plebeian meekly bowed
And gave th' unvarnished tale—
Scarce telling in a voice aloud
The beauties of his humble vale.
In simple words he sweetly drew
The brightest scenes of rural bliss,
And round the vine-clad cottage threw
The Eden-flowers of love and peace.
Spring in its zephyr-sandal sped
Along its perfumed path of green,

And tripping on with tinkling tread
Left rainbow hues o'er all the scene.
The Summer gave the golden grain,
A rich reward for Labor's care,
And freely spread the boundless plain
With answers to the daily prayer.
The Autumn brought the browning leaf,
The mellowing of the waning year,
While Winter gathered up the sheaf
Of loved repose and social cheer.
Said he, while tears that downward stole
Spoke kindling memories in the soul,
"Thus in the holy paths of peace,
Live my successors when I cease."

Then he that bore the crimson dye,
Flushed with the thought of other days,
Poured passion from his piercing eye
And dared the sunbeam with his gaze.
With burning words and lofty tone
He told his story. In his path
He swept great princes from the throne
And humbled kingdoms in his wrath.
The kindred element of fire
He called his aid ; his only trust
AMBITION, and his loved attire
The smoke of cities turned to dust.
He led a million in his train—
In stirring song his brilliant deeds

Were sung—and by his lustrous reign
The conqueror on war-trained steeds
Swept like the lightning through the earth,
And scathed the nations in their birth ;
Or pitted empires on the field,
That *he*, WORLD'S UMPIRE, might decide
Who should the gilded sceptre wield
O'er all beside.

While thus he spake the wind shrieked by,
Appalled with War's remorseless deeds,
And as it bore the Earth's deep sigh,
It said, " Oh thou of dazzling eye !
For thy dark crimes a planet bleeds !"

When this had flown,
Soft melodies and gentle strains
Threw on the sense their sweetest tone
In Love's refrains,
And a bright presence was revealed
From Heaven's unwarring azure field.
He touched the crimsoned blade, and breathed
Another name ; and songs of PEACE
Which never in the earth shall cease
From the wide altar round him wreathed :
The Sword, anew commissioned there,
Its brother's holier toil shall share.

WAKE, O SOUL!

GRAD thine armor on anew,
Oh, my Soul! thy strength renew—
Life hath earnest work to do.

Sport is past for laboring men—
Sport for them romps not again—
Life's more meaning now than then!

Press ye on to meet the trial!
Where ease-scorning Self-Denial
Points to Time's loud-speaking dial.

Watch the moments—how they fly!
Watch the minutes fleeting by—
Watch the hours that quickly die.

Moments give a birth to thought—
Minutes shape some vasty plot—
Hours complete what they have wrought.

Turn them all to golden sands !
Keep them present in thy hands,
Earnest of the brighter lands.

Deep within thy being's wells,
Cast thy gaze, and learn what swells
Where the heart its secret tells.

Be they strong resolves of right ?
Be they clarion calls to fight ?
Be they beamings through the night ?

Be they yearnings for the time ?
Be they dreams of glory's clime ?
Be they love and truth sublime ?

Wear thy life with sterner aim !
Sink not though dishonor, shame,
Seek to blight thy guiltless name.

He who e'er unflinching stands—
He who dares the serried bands,
Best fulfils the truth's commands.

Round the portals of the soul,
Error's deep, hoarse murmurs roll,
Prestige of the future's toll.

Yet be firm ! Maintain the right—
Day will follow after night—
Victory cometh by the fight.

Fill thy destiny, nor yield
 When thy duty is revealed
 On the Age's crowded field.

Hope be thy bright morning ray—
 Faith thy comrade on the way;
 Bliss be thine at close of day.

SELF-DENIAL.

STERNEST of Virtues! Oft mine inner life
 Bids me be faithful to thine earnest doing,
 And in ~~thy~~ straitened paths all good pursuing,
 O'ercome my foes and scorn each passion-strife!
 Great teacher of the soul! I would obey
 Thy discipline, which ever seems impelling,
 When strong temptation all the soul is swelling,
 My high resolve to triumph o'er the clay!
 Give me thy power! make me thy little child!
 That I be not with meaner things defiled.
 Then purifying all the secret springs
 Of thought, desire, and will—all ill subduing,
 Help me, each day my humble vows renewing,
 To wake my holy song on golden strings!

THE RETURN OF THE ROBIN.

Thou art back from the sunny Southern land,
 With a song of the flowery Spring,
And thou bringest the zephyrs soft and bland
 On the plume of thy lightning wing;
'Mid the flowers, where they steal for a trancing kiss,
 And the spray of the waving tree,
Thou art piping a song of thy life's sweet bliss—
 The song of the gay and free!

Hast thou aught to declare of the Southern land?
 The land of the fruitful vine?
Hast thou fared always well at the bounteous Hand
 That giveth thy blessings and mine?
Were there flowers for thee in their gorgeous bloom
 Where the proud Magnolia waves?
Did Myrtle-trees give thee their richest perfume
 In lands of the lost Indian braves?

Did the Mocking-Bird perch on a swaying limb
Of the tall old Pine near thy nest?
Did he puzzle thy strain as thou viedst with him
While he mocked and thou didst thy best?
And then, as he sung in his conscious might,
And the forest-band heard his choir,
Didst thou in the flood, as of musical light,
Fill up to thy heart's desire?

Didst thou sit on the limb of the olden tree,
Where oft thou hast been of yore,
And warble to them of the land of the free,
And sing of thy garnered lore?
Was the blue-eyed maid with the flowing curl
At the door of thy homestead seen?
Or had Death in his train led the lovely girl?
Has thy home in the cypress been?

I know not—sweet bird from the Southern land!
Thy notes are the notes of Spring!
Thou hast cheer from the vales and the forests grand
Thou hast come to the North to bring!
And my heart responds to thy cherished strain,
'Mid the cares of my sterner way,
And it wakes in a song of my love's refrain
And the hope of a brighter day.

So to me, when my Winter of Care is past—
 For its winds blow sad and chill—
 I will think of the song of delight thou hast
 From the clime where the dews distil ;
 And the Spring shall come, and my heart shall tell
 Of the birds and the holy flowers,
 While the strains from the deepest founts shall swell
 Restoring my peaceful hours.



FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN ! Each age its noblest praise shall bring
 An incense and a homage to thy worth !
 Thy brilliant deeds have blessed the stricken earth,
 Whose records flash in harmless lightening !
 Economist and Sage ! from thee we learn
 Lessons of wisdom, and Poor Richard speaks
 This simple line to him who riches seeks :
 "Spend one cent less a day than thou shalt earn !"
 Philosopher ! all Nature's works were thine,
 And thou, in that illimitable field
 Where Reason loves to roam, saw'st Truth concealed,
 And brought it forth like jewels from the mine !
 Pure Patriot and Statesman ! with thy name
 We trace the struggling hour of Freedom's deathless flame.

EGYPT.

THE world is full of Truth! Its ample page
Beams with the lustre of the strongest light,
Increasing in its power from age to age,
While the dark orb of Error sinks in night!
'Tis not in men we find it—in the might
Of kings, or nations, or the rich array
That dazzles oft the quiet watcher's sight :
'Tis not beneath the false, artistic ray
Of fashion's changing scenes we meet its rich display.

But, would we find it, we must go and trace
On the world's page its teachings rich and free :
What changes mark each swift-succeeding race !
And how instructive all those changes be !
Upon this lasting tablet may we see
What the unerring, iron pen of Time
Inscribes with silent touch on land and sea—
Here mocks the story of the Earth's young prime—
There writes didactic lines of light and truth sublime.

Thus, EGYPT ! in this spirit would I gaze
Down the long vista of thy countless years,
Where the dim halo of thy glory plays,
Cast round thy name by priests and monarch seers :
There would I learn of thee while quickly clears
The mystery that shrouds thy name amid
The changing scenes of Time, where scarce appears
In ruined characters, thy fame half hid
Beneath some gorgeous fane or sunlit pyramid !

Who can describe the spell that falls around
The heart of him who lingers at thy tomb,
Where the proud trophies of thy youth are found
Reared by thy sons when thou wast in thy bloom !
Or who can read the history of thy doom
Untouched with grief that thou hast prostrate lain
So long beneath the sceptre of thy gloom ?
Who could not wish that on thy spreading plain,
Thy native spirit yet may wake and breathe again !

What master-art conferred the giant-power
To rear the structures that around are thrown ?
Where far above our reach their summits tower
For fabled deities a splendid throne ;
Here, temples chiselled from a single stone
Brought from thy granite hills, are seen to rise,
Or some tall obelisk which stands alone
Pointing thy children to the azure skies,
Tells of the solemn stillness that around us lies.

Here are the cities, triumphs of thy skill,
Glorious though fallen, in grandeur still supreme,
Whose storied greatness echoes yet to fill
Our fancy with the brightness of a dream,
And but for these alone would fancy seem ;
Though prostrate in the dust they ever shed
Upon thy record a reviving gleam,
And welcome back the spirit that has fled
To leave thy thrilling scenes the conquest of the dead.

Here is thy labyrinth with spacious halls,
And long-drawn passages in countless turns,
And secret rooms, and doors, and sculptured walls,
And by-way intricate, which proudly spurns
The search of him who ne'er thy mystery learns ;
Finished with art's best touch, and gilded o'er,
It kept of lizard-gods the sacred urns,
Whose feet shall ne'er again imprint thy shore,
And claim the homage high of worshippers no more.

'Tis like the labyrinth of error reared
In thy philosophy to lead the mind
Where but a glimmer of the Truth appeared—
The altar where the fondest hopes reclined ;
Here, seeking on in patient trust to find
Some stronger light to cheer them with its blaze,
Through all its mystic errors still they wind,
Lured by the strong illusion of their rays,
Tinselled with fancy's gems that sparkle in the maze.

Here is thy Memnon, which responsive strung
Its morning lyre, when first the sunlight taught
Its lips to speak, and sounds harmonious rung
Upon the ear by waiting thousands caught ;
Had the rich offering of the soul been brought
To purer shrines, thy children might have sung
Of gracious tidings with salvation fraught,
Nor humbled kneel where fierce oppression wrung,
The tribute from their hands, submission from their tongue.

Here is the city famous in thy lore,
Whose Table of the Sun spontaneous threw
To Day's bright orb the incense of its store,
When first Aurora's beamings burst to view ;
Thus, could the Sun of Righteousness imbue
The living soul with power and love divine,
Then might the tablet of the heart renew
A holier incense far than e'er was thine,
When comes the wanderer back to worship at His shrine.

Thy wondrous stream still rolls its onward tide,
Turbid, but rich, and worthy of thy song,
Like to the Lethe, where thy children hide,
Or symboling the stream of woe and wrong,
That bore the treasures of thy life along—
Swelling for ages where thy remnants be—
And rolled thy valleys and thy hills among,
Down to the Delta of the eternal sea,
Where Death unlocks the portals of his mystery.

Here are the hecatombs where sleep in death,
Embalmed and mummied by preserving art,
Ten thousand sons expecting long the breath
To bid them from their slumbers now to start
And send the quick'ning current through the heart ;
They wake not ! 'Tis the time they long desired,
But a pure, heaven-born spirit shall impart
A better life to men in hope attired,
Kindling a fire Promethean where thine own expired.

Wake ! EGYPT ! like thy Phoenix leave the clay
To which the charter of thy power was given,
Signed with the autograph of stern Decay,
When by the fierce-armed Persian thou wast driven
From off thy throne and all thy hopes were riven :
And let thy spirit, on her strongest wing,
Tipped with the richest sunlight caught from heaven,
Revisit thee again, and conquering bring
A better faith for thee and holier songs to sing.

No more shall seers foretell thy coming fate,
Read in the volume of the starry sky,
Nor magic art inspire thy sons to wait
For secret divination from on high ;
Thy sorcery now is Ruin, hovering nigh,
For Time hath swept his wave o'er every spell,
And left their names embalmed in mystery,
While shattered monuments of learning tell
How Time's effacing waves Oblivion's waters swell.

I love thy wonders, EGYPT! and could roam
Untiring 'mid thy ruins, there to find
Some spot to call my spirit's fondest home,
Where I would sit and ponder, there enshrined
In old antiquity, while undefined
And flitting visions of thy greatness glide
In ever-changing freshness o'er my mind ;
Or quickly plunge beneath the rolling tide
Where learning, greatness, glory, and thy children hide.

But 'mid these scenes thy pyramids remain
Lasting as Time and heedless of his flight,
Imperishable as the toil was vain
Of long-forgotten kings, who sought to write
Immortal as the records of their might,
Their names who built them—all have passed away
And mingled, like the shadows of the night,
With unremembered things that neither stay
Nor win from mem'ry's dream the tribute of the day.

Hast thou no deity among the throng
Of gods thy children worshipped, who can call
The ages back that hushed the swelling song
That rung within the fane or festive hall—
Who can restore thy power—rebuke thy fall—
Renew the brightness of thine ancient fire,
Which gleams e'en now, though shrouded by the pall
Of darkened centuries, and wake the lyre
So long unstrung and lost, whose harpings ne'er shall tire?

What Protean forms thy mystic faith assumed
Beneath the chosen Pantheistic reign
Of Error, by the winning light illumed
Of Fancy ! Here the spreading plain
Teemed with the thousands who adored in vain
Some household animal, or shrub, or stream,
Or finny wanderer, or the nameless train
Of stars, or beasts, or worms, whose sway supreme
Made conquest of the soul led captive by a dream.

But now the dawn is breaking, and the ray
Of Science pours on thy mysterious lore,
And Genius learns those secrets to betray
Which now shall be unknown to us no more ;
Philosophers thy ruins now explore,
Untiring in their labors and their skill,
And daily bear as trophies from thy shore
New truths that speak how much, unravelled still,
Must all discovered be thine ample page to fill.

How have thy glories fled like dreams away !
How has thy greatness mouldered in the past !
How speak thy ruins in their rich array,
When lingering near my anxious gaze I cast !
Kings, priests, philosophers, and armies vast—
Unnumbered people in their countless train
Crowd on my wondering vision to the last :
While pomp and pageant in the distant fane,
Commingle lead me back to Superstition's reign.

Man rears his works with lavish wealth and art,
 Consummate skill displays his wondrous power,
 He shapes the marble—his conceptions start
 As if to life—he gives all things a dower
 Of grace and beauty—'tis but for an hour :
 All the creations of created things
 Must fall or fade, while that alone shall tower
 Which bears diviner impress, or which springs
 Where Heaven's transcendent power its life immortal
 flings.



SONNET.

SERVANTS OF GOD! whatever name ye bear
 Of all who wait at Zion's golden gates,
 Be steady to your trust! Though kings may wear
 Earth's glittering crowns and gems—though potentates
 Be decked in jewelled robes, and wealth expend
 Uncounted stores in Folly's vainest mood,
 All these corroding things shall have an end,
 And naught be left of all their plenitude!
 Be steady to your trust! For they who turn
 An erring soul from death, a crown shall win
 Surpassing every thought, and freed from sin
 Shall wear pure robes and heavenly songs shall learn ;
 And held for ever by an arm divine,
 As peerless stars in glory e'er shall shine.

THE ATHEIST WORLD-BUILDER.

RESTING on a gentle knoll,
Pondering o'er Thought's secret things,
Turning inward to my soul,
Followed I its wanderings.

In the West, Nepenthe's bower
With its beauteous lines appeared,
While its care-effacing power
Came in breathings low and weird.

Soon I felt luxurious rest
Draw Lethean curtains round,
Burying in my quiet breast
Thoughts, and griefs, and cares profound.

Then I earnest looked, and knew
Power creative from me roll,
Till of all that rose to view
I was centre—I was soul.

Orbs evolved, a shining train,
Mounting outward through the sky,
Till the evening's sapphire plain
Lost its native azure dye.

Then a shoreless, radiant sea,
Stretched beyond Thought's farthest verge
From whose deep infinity
Worlds on worlds I saw emerge.

Peopled was each springing sphere—
Peopled with a sinless race,
Hymning their unending year
To the star-strung lyre of space.

Spotless, guiltless, deathless all,
Worlds to me were naught but toys—
An eternal festival
In their banquetings of joys.

When a soul to being woke
Life enwreathed its angel-brow,
And on glory's threshold spoke
Blissful words I cherish now.

How those memories round me fall !
Thoughts of seraph-feet that trod

Sweetly, softly musical
On their pathway up to God.

Up the starry steepes of light,
Sinless and unsullied throng,
Where the Holy were the bright,
And the Trusting were the strong.

Much I gloried that my power
In creation such as this
Gave Eternity a dower—
Rapturous Universe of bliss.

Then my thoughts were turned to Earth—
Sin-cursed Earth where I was born—
And I wondered at its birth,
Till my wonder changed to scorn.

“Why this little leprous thing,
Filled with all that seemeth vile?
Could not Earth's Creator bring
Worlds that sin could not defile?”

“If I had this world to build
I would frame it better far—
Holy-living—glory-filled—
Like my own first circling star!”

But a crash of jarring spheres,
Rushing, battling on the plain,
Hurled me, 'mid a storm of fears,
To my native zone again.

And my vision vanished all—
Vaunting centre—shoreless sea—
Peopled systems—glorious ball—
Back to unreal mystery.

Baubles they—each gilded globe—
Frailer than earth's friendships seem—
When the Real thrust its probe
To the axis of each dream.

It was Unbelief that bade
Finite Thought assume the God—
And my soul in darkness laid
Where grim spectres near me trod.

Then a ray of heavenly light
Flashed across my spirit's dream—
Stronger Faith's sublimest sight
Grew from that celestial gleam.

Saw I more than ever fair
This grand world whereon I tread,

Yet I had a struggle there,
For my Atheist was not dead.

And I fought, nor fought in vain,
Till mine enemy I slew—
He that kept my soul in pain
Leading me dark valleys through.

Raising Doubts at Faith's fresh grave,
Pilgrim ghosts of seeming truth—
Binding Reason, like a slave,
To the Actual, in her youth.

Then I cried—"How wise art Thou!
All thy ways past finding out!
Teach me at thy feet to bow—
Loving—nevermore to doubt!"

THE SABBATH BURIAL.

It is the Day of Rest ! The flowing fields,
The sombre forest with its solemn shade,
The gentle stream, and sweetly blooming flowers,
The birds that twitter through the sunny beam,
And all the landscape where the eye can trace
Aught that is grand or beautiful, sends forth,
Each in its silent voice, or sacrifice
Of worship audible, its holiest praise.

I see all worship round me ! Things that creep
Appear more sacred on a day like this ;
The flowers have purer fragrance while they send
Their stainless incense forth ; the ray of light
Seems holier ; the brook more sweetly purls ;
And all the temple of the beauteous world
To me is vocal with its highest praise.
Awake, my heart ! Break from thy dreamy sleep,
And feel the harmony, and join the hymn
Which rises upward to the throne of God.

A sad sound floats upon the breeze! The toll
From the church bell! It speaks of life departed—
Of hopes, and joys, and fears and sorrows past—
Of one more spirit gone to God who gave it.

The good man dies! Well spent in years he falls,
Like a tall cedar on the verdant hill,
And leaves his place unfilled! From youth to prime—
From prime to hoary age—'mid life and death—
Through spring and summer—in the autumn days—
Or when Old Winter spent his icy breath—
In grief or gladness—in the favored hour—
Or in the darker days of adverse storms,
He firmly stood relying on his God,
In the outpouring of the gracious stream,
Or when declension spread its mildews round,
He, ever faithful, lived his Master's will.
And when, the last task finished, he was called
To lay his armor by and take his crown,
He loved the welcome summons! Stepping forth
With Faith's bright staff, he tried the whirling pool
And found it crystal: gazed at Death's dark door
And found it radiant: strove with Death and gained
The Victory!

Be my heart stilled: 'mid sacred scenes like these
I would be well instructed. From the dead,
Who rests from all his labors, I would learn

Lessons of duty : faithfulness and zeal,
Obedience to my Master, trusting Faith
'Mid Life's dark sorrows—meekness, love, and peace.
And while the saddened harmony around
In Nature's temple sings a softened hymn
That steals upon my spirit, I would praise
The God of Jacob for His promise sure,
And humbly pray that like the good man's death
May my end be, and as the righteous dies
So may I die and enter into rest.

JOY FILLS THE GOLDEN CUP.

Look up, my weary Soul !
A brighter day for thee is drawing nigh,
For morning beams are flashing in the sky—
Look up with faith, O Soul !

Not always Night shall keep
Its heavy shades around thine onward path—
For Morning comes, though long, to him who hath
A soul that will not sleep.

Let me not slumber here !
There is a toil which calls the valiant heart
Forth to the strife in which the victor's part
Is won with many a tear.

Not always Doubt shall fill
The earnest toiler with his spectral train,
For through the twilight Hope shall come again
And nerve his free-born will.

Look up with stronger gaze !
The teacher tells me from the depths within,
That trial is the Soul's true discipline,
Invoking louder praise.

In all life's lessons learn
That true men through their trials persevere,
Winters but come with all their storms severe
To hasten Spring's return.

Joy fills the Golden Cup !
'Tis thine once more to quaff the nectar sweet,
And new-born songs in grateful strains repeat—
Look up, my Soul ! Look up !

THE GOLD-CRY.


RING o'er the world the startling sound
That droning tribes of men may hear—
GOLD ! GOLD ! exhaustless GOLD is found
The sordid soul of man to cheer !
Wake ! World of Slumberers ! Awake !
Put on the lightning speed to-day !
Bright, virgin GOLD is now the stake
For which the rushing world shall play !

The Prophet-tongues for ages spoke
Of GOLD that lay in crystal streams,
Where brilliant gems the ripples broke
With flashing truth, and radiant beams ;
They whispered oft at night by stealth,
Or martyr-fires their truths refined—
The stumbling world's transcendent wealth
Brought from deep founts of soul and mind.

But Gold that bears the stamp of Truth,
The radiant coin that fills the soul,
A virgin Thought whose endless Youth
Makes all the Universe its goal—
That prophesies of Love to Hate—
That breaks the chain from captive men,
And bids Ambition humbly wait,
Must try its mission o'er again.

Roll on the winged wheels, O ye
That rule the destinies we bear !
Stretch ! swiftly stretch, from sea to sea,
The lightning track to speed us there !
The streams are paved with yellow GOLD !
The granite hills are gilded domes,
There let our waiting eyes behold
The Ophir of our golden homes.

Ring round the cry, O sordid world !
Leap forth on seething steeds of fire !
To-day let every thought be hurled
In Lust's alembic of Desire.
The winds that sweep the distant strand
To which the wide Pacific rolled,
Are witness of the glittering sand—
And tardy for their weight of Gold.



Haste, droning World ! With savage tongue
And polished dialect be there !
Where'er the golden sound is rung
Send forth thy children to the snare !
Then, if the Freeman, sworn to Right,
Shall teach the Babel race his law,
Ten thousand messengers to Night
The radiant car of Day shall draw.

Then, if the Prophet, true to God,
Shall hurl his burning words, nor tire,
Back o'er the paths their feet have trod,
The laden throngs shall spread the fire—
And thoughts of Life in caves of Death—
And rays of Hope in Night's Despair—
And Faith and Love, with holy breath,
Shall wake, or beam, or triumph there.

PRESS ONWARD.

ONWARD! will ye stop and ponder,
While the ages pass you by!
Will you in your dreamings wander
While the hours just breathe and die?

He whose ardor brightly burneth
With a purpose true and strong,
In the end a laurel earneth
And the victor's triumph song.

Onward in a bold reliance
On the strength ye have within—
Bid your foes a stern defiance
And their homage ye shall win.

Life is not a time for dreaming,
Standing still or asking when—
Mere resolves or wordy seeming—
Duty calls for earnest men.

Do ye cringe at shadows fleeting,
Cast by some concealing cloud?

Give them all a silent greeting,
But be never by them bowed.

Onward, though the steep ascending,
Makes the labor long and hard—
Sweeter far will be the blending
Joy with after-toil's reward.


They who idly stand and tremble,
Thinking dangers fill the way,
Bid the tyrant-foes assemble
In their terror-clad array.

Doubting ever makes us weaker—
Fears make coward hearts for aye—
But the true and earnest seeker
Knows no yielding but to die.

He who yields is base and craven,
Nothing worth in strife and toil,
But the firm shall reach his haven,
Proudly bearing off the spoil.

So our duty e'er should find us—
So our trials should be met—
While the true and lofty bind us
Like a rock unmoving set.

Gird ye, then, with bold endeavor—
Press ye onward while ye may—
Keeping Hope and Trust forever
Angel-guardians by the way.



THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

I WALKED the centuried aisle of Olden TIME,
In the great temple of the added years,
And saw the old mosaic stained with tears,
Or graven with the style of monster crime ;
The pillars, sculptured with the sharpened sword,
Bore images of vile device, and stayed
The antique roof of darkness, while there poured
Thro' blood-stained windows, where the sunlight played,
A lurid gleam, that with a doubtful ray,
Kept Darkness struggling at the door of Day.

Far down the vista broke a feeble light,
And hastening thitherward my feet were turned :
There, in the secret chambers of the night,
A forge I saw, and fires thereon that burned ;
The grotesque Vulcans, with their practiced skill,
Were taught by one who as a monarch bade
The artisans, that knew his inmost will,
And at his feet their choicest works displayed.

The vaulted roof, the arches, and the aisle
They lighted up, and forth the Vulcans bore
Their images of iron, brass, and more
Than e'er had names, and clanked their chains the while;
And rearing one by one on altars high
They bade the worshippers of each draw nigh.

With golden censers down the aisle they swept,
Each to his altar that he loved the best;
And at the shrines strict service long they kept,
And faith in baldest lies with joy confessed;
The incense rose—the solemn anthem rolled
In swelling peals; the temple grim and old
In which I heard the strains of worship rise,
Was Folly's fane of old Idolatries.

One was an image wrought of finest gold—
A crown was on its head, and countless gems,
And jewels rare, and many diadems,
That lay around, the costly offerings told:
Upon his brow, "THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS,"
In antique characters was graven deep,
While sceptres, thrones, and royal birth were things
'Mid which the millions worshipped but to weep.

There frowned the monster of the Old World's death—
Hideous of form, outstretching countless hands,
Which grasped with demon-force the iron bands
Corroded with the captive's stifled breath;

And while they chanted still they groaned with pain,
And loved the "TYRANNY," but cursed the chain.

Near these sat one to whom ten thousand priests
Made sacrifice of souls in countless feasts ;
One hand was raised to heaven—one grasped the earth :
With one it dared the sovereignty of God,
Yet lusting for the things of sensual birth,
It claimed the clod.

One stood in bloody pools,
Near which a fierce old demon took his place ;
Around were shackles, whips, and branding tools,
To sear the name of "slave" in every face ;
And groans were heard, and sighs of anguish deep—
With crimsoned tears, that only slaves may weep.

One was of plastic clay. Refined or rude,
It changed its form to each as each drew nigh ;
And though their vision varied, there they stood,
While "Great is Dian" rent the distant sky ;
"Society" arranged by gods of old
Was here a demi-god of changing mold ;
And down the aisle the deities were seen,
With priests and vestals at each sacred shrine,
The millions bowing as they passed between,
And swinging censers at the name divine ;

The bloody Mars won holocausts of souls—
 The gallows stood 'mid broken golden bowls—
 The goddess Fashion won the giddy throng,
 While Fame allured the cheated fools along.

Then THE REFORMER, clothed in glorious youth,
 Who bore a ponderous sledge, resistless TRUTH,
 Came down the aisle
 And saw the altars vile :
 With Light that purely beamed, and Love, and Peace, 't
 He bade the erring world its folly cease ;
 With quickening feet he on his mission sped,
 And while the lightning flashed, he said, no
 “ What means this altar high ?
 What mean these bloody streams ? beA
 Forsake the ancient lie no
 For Truth's unclouded beams !” beA
 And while he cried, “ In God forever trust !” ad ad
 He smote the golden image down to dust.

The iron monster, grim with old despair,
 The thrones and sceptres, and the nameless things
 That formed the stock in trade of bankrupt kings,
 In scorn and mockery he scattered there ;
 He cried, “ Oh Nations ! learn
 That ye are free to-day !
 On holier altars burn
 The sacrifice ye may !”

And with his uplift arm, one mighty blow,
Laid both the altar and the idol low.

So on he sped! The thousand thoughts profane,
Materialized in grossest types of sin,
That cursed the world and bound it down in pain,
Unhonored fell in Triumph's battle-din;
The world's old idols, forged in darkness deep—
The world's old altars, built by robber hands—
The world's old worship, luring souls to sleep—
The world's old sacrifice of blood-stained lands!

One holy altar built of Love he set,
Where fire came down from Heaven to live thereon;
And near the nations of the earth were met,
On whom unclouded rays serenely shone;
And Liberty, and Hope, and Faith divine,
In God's true worship kept their holy shrine.

THE SACRED FIRE.

DEEP night is on the Isles ! Its surges roll
In the dark dashing of a shoreless sea,
Wide as the desert of the rayless realm
Whereon they lie ; now leaping in their might,
They ride the bosom of the dreary waste,
Or hasten, in their wildness, till they break
On the lone isle that answers back the sound.

Methinks I see the Storm King on his path,
Riding his chariot in the shrouding gloom,
Grown grey with hoary thought that knows no rest,
And watching with an eye that seems to pierce
The abysmal waste ; he twines a misty wreath
Round his high brow, and spangles it with gems
Caught from the crystal wave that tosses on
In its wild ecstasy, unknowing all,
That the loved sport shall be prolonged, and end
In the wild billow and the roaring surge :
He calls his minstrels forth, and they with sounds
That whisper in his ear, or swell anon

To a bold hymn, delight his moody hour.
High thoughts are stirred within, and Passion leaps
In her pent home, and putting on her garb,
Breaks from her prison-house, to bid the seer
Awake and know his power. The tumult starts
The solemn hour of night, and storm and cloud
Vie with the heaving throe or mighty shock
That rocks the islands in their ocean-bed.

Thus were thine isles, Pacific ! spreading far
Within the mantling of thy stormy breast,
Where, in dark night a darker faith subdued
The burdened spirit with its terror reign.
High rose the bloody fane in verdant groves,
Where Nature, lavish of her floral gifts,
Had carpeted the earth with countless hues
And graceful forms, as delicate as pure—
That held the morning dew-drops in the ray,
Just leaping from its fount, to give a life
And utterance to the beauty nestling there.

What orgies these that rend the ear of night !
What offerings bring they in the startled hour ?
Oh, cease thy babbling, REASON ! and declare
Where now thy boasted power to discern
The infinite, unsearchable Supreme
In thine own essence ! Thou, too frail to call
Into existence e'en a grassy blade,
Or bid one drop of water from its source,
Or still one wave, wouldst grasp the sphered whole

Of Nature's wide expanse. Canst thou exult
In self-shrined greatness when thou fallest down
To worship Matter? graven stones, or things
Unlike what most they were like—rough-hewn shapes—
Conceptions monstrous—phantasies of mind—
Wild Thought's abortions—impotent attempts
To realize a God! Oh, puny thing!
That spurn'st the Fount whence all thy light is given—
Thou, too, that burnest by a pristine flame
From off God's altar, thou wouldst plume thy wing,
And soar in circles infinite, to gain
The highest peak that towers sublime beyond.
But vainly thou! Returned from daring flights
Beyond thy power, with worn, o'erwearied wing,
I see thee walk 'mid fanes where bird or beast,
Or coarse similitude, or demon shape,
Receives the worship of a deathless soul.
Faith gives her throne to terror: she that springs
Forth from her star-paved realm, and gives to man
A spotless jewel, shining through the gloom
In which Sin wraps the soul, to lead him on,
By its pure light, to Heaven's eternal fields:
She soars away, and Fear assumes to reign,
Gross and debasing, in her mouldering halls.

Such was thy night, TARI! such thy doom—
Like this the faith that bound thy longing soul,
And like thee chained a thousand clustering isles.
Yet not for ever must the conquest be!

Day breaks upon a world of sin and gloom,
And thou shalt feel the ecstasy of bliss
That thrills the pulses of a new-born age
With hope and love, forth springing from our God.

Thy spirit voice that cried for something True—
That sent its aspirations forth, and spoke
In the thick ear of Night its longings, swept
Past its dull confines, and with rapid flight
Broke forth in free desiring—swift she sped
Unto the Earnest—caught petition thence—
And soon responsive, on his golden wing,
The Day leaped flashing o'er thy stricken vales.

Swift through the pall it rent its lightning path—
Dashed the wild gloom to caves of sin and death,
In the vast realms where cold Negation lies,
Racking his pain-bound limbs, and cursing e'er
The soul that wanders in his distant zone :
Then rolled the clouds away, and on thy hills,
Lit up by Heaven's own fire, the ransomed soul
Made sinless sacrifice of love to God.

So broke the light upon thy Sister Isles !
And OWYHEE returned the thrilling sound
That RARATONGA caught, as on it sped,
To bless the oases of Ocean's waste ;
Or where UEVA's vale in stillness lay,
A light has sprung to live in quenchless power,
And mark the dial of a holier age.

Forth from the bloody fane old gods of Night—
 Wild demon shapes, that vexed the groaning Earth—
 Gross thoughts in grosser form—dark types of souls
 That brought Divinity to Matter's verge—
 Young gods just born, who sought the holy breath
 Apotheosis gives to lips divine—
 On the bold shore, where storm and land gods met,
 Holding their council in the warring strife,
 Were brought and piled. Then Truth, with blazing ray,
 Like the swift flashing of the lightning's gleam,
 Struck the proud pile, and broke their demon reign.

No more shall ORO lead his hosts to war,
 Or raise the gory spear and piercing cry
 That calls to battle—nor shall victims die
 On the foul altar where the horrid rites
 Were celebrate in blood of deathless souls—
 No more thy vales be filled with sighs and groans
 Wrung from the helpless in their darkened hour :
 PEACE linked with LOVE—bright angels from the skies—
 Have marked thy vales and sealed them all with bliss.

No more TAARO breaks the womb of Night,
 And leaps from Chaos into life and day,
 To give his fiat, while the heralds wait
 His will supreme. No SKY-PRODUCER looks
 Down the Abyss, and gives it power to bear
 Rocks, islands, waters, and their endless shapes
 Of life and beauty ; and no TA-NE leads

The willing worship of the Huahine :
Now old TE-BONGO dies, though filled with slain
That piled his temple with immortal food :
And TA-AU flees the light, with thundering sound,
To die in distance, where Oblivion deep
Hangs round the confines of their native Po.

Thus were their forms consumed. The setting ray
Fell on the embers where a nation's Faith
Died 'mid the ashes of its holiest things.
And soon from Heaven a pure, subduing stream,
Unsullied, calm, resistless, fell around—
A holy flame of spiritual life,
Till the blue vault in one resounding arch
Rung round the harmony of countless isles,
Filled with the glory of their Heavenly King.

OLIVES.

ROUND my table growing green,
In my quiet cottage home,
Rare young Olives may be seen.

Love's delicious fruit they bear,
Making glad my worn-out heart,
For they seem so bright and fair.

Leaning on the parent tree,
Till their strength is firm and bold—
Leaning lovingly on me.

And I watch them day by day,
Pruning here and grafting there,
While they catch the heavenly ray.

Watering from the crystal stream,
Flowing from a living spring,
There I often sleep and dream.

Dream of seeing them in prime,
And the precious fruit to come,
In their glorious autumn time.

And I fondly think that when
Holy hands shall pluck the boon,
They will bud and bear again.

And my dreams are not at night,
For I know—and Faith hath seen,
They shall bear if trained aright.

Where the fountains welling up
From the soul's divinest depths,
There I fill my golden cup.

Oh, what Peace my Olives bring !
When my heart with life-storms tost
Seeks relief, near them I sing !

And I would not be without
This fair grove of blossoming trees,
For my heart would sink in doubt.

How they bind me, heart and hand !
How they lure my Hope and Faith !
How they cheer my sterner land !

For around me growing green,
In my heart's embalming home,
Rare young Olives may be seen.

IT IS COMING.

In the age of mythic vision,
Years ago, as years do fly,
Poets dreamed of fields Elysian
Where the glories never die.

•

Painted they the bright delusion,
Often called the Golden Age,
And they lent the gay illusion,
Borrowed light from fancy's page.

But their strains rehearsed the story
Of the ancient days of dream,
When the world's primeval glory
Made the past enchanted seem.

It is coming ! sure and onward !
Coming from the realms of day !
While the spirit looking sunward,
Like an eagle, sees the ray.

Earnest souls around us labor,
 Yearning for the coming time,
When the scimeter and sabre,
 Sheathed, shall cease their deeds of crime.

When the words of love shall waken
 World-wide fires in hearts of men,
When the spirit shall be shaken
 Till it finds its God again.

Night's high priest, th' Egyptian Pharaoh,
 Bids the hastening time delay,
Planting in the pathway narrow
 Stubble creeds that fear the day.

•
Telling Faith's bright, earnest children,
 They that bear the oppressor's chain—
“Get ye to your tasks and burden,
 Get ye to your bonds again !

“Yet a day shall end your sorrow,
 Ye shall serve the gods ye know,
On the morning of the morrow
 Out of Egypt ye shall go.”

Long the world has heard the fable,
 Sought the sin-procrastined day,
But the towering walls of Babel
 Soon shall wed their native clay.

Earth's old temple, dome and pillar,
Like a charnel, filled with death,
Builded by the brother killer,
Mindeth what the spirit saith.

In its shadow, pure and olden,
Lieth Freedom's corner stone,
Which we seek, while songs embolden
Hearts of giant-trust alone.

Out of darkness light is springing—
Out of dumbness glorious speech ;
Prophets from the dead are bringing
Living souls that boldly teach.

Out of brass and out of iron
Soon shall come the shining gold,
While the beams shall then environ
Realms whose splendor is untold.

Then shall Love spring forth unbidden ;
Then shall Light spring forth unborn ;
For their foes shall all be hidden
In the unclouded Golden Morn.

LADY JANE FRANKLIN'S APPEAL TO THE NORTH.

Oh, where, my long lost one ! art thou
 'Mid Arctic seas and wintry skies ?
Deep, Polar night is on *me* now,
 And Hope, long wrecked, but mocks my cries !
I am like thee ! From frozen plains
 In the drear zone and sunless air,
My dying, lonely heart complains,
 And chills in sorrow and despair.

Tell me, ye Northern Winds ! that sweep
 Down from the rayless, dusky day—
Where ye have borne, and where ye keep
 My well beloved within your sway ;
Tell me, when next ye wildly bear
 The icy message in your breath,
Of my beloved ! Oh, tell me where
 Ye keep him on the shores of Death.

Tell me, ye Polar Seas ! that roll
 From ice-bound shore to sunny isle—
 Tell me, when next ye leave the Pole,
 Where ye have chained my lord the while !
 On the bleak northern cliff I wait
 With tear-pained eyes to see ye come ;
 Will ye not tell me, ere too late ?
 Or will ye mock while I am dumb ?

Tell me, oh tell me, Mountain Waves !
 Whence have ye leaped and sprung to-day ?
 Have ye passed o'er their sleeping graves
 That ye rush wildly on your way ?
 Will ye sweep on and bear me too
 Down to the caves within the deep ?
 Oh, bring some token to my view
 That ye my loved one safe will keep !

Canst thou not tell me, Polar Star !
 Where in the frozen waste he kneels ?
 And on the icy plains afar
 His love to God and me reveals ?
 Wilt thou not send one brighter ray
 To my lone heart and aching eye ?
 Wilt thou not turn my night to day,
 And wake my spirit ere I die !

Tell me, oh dreary North ! for now
My soul is like thine arctic zone ;
Beneath the darkened skies I bow
Or ride the stormy sea alone !
Tell me of my beloved ! for I
Know not a ray my lord without !
Oh, tell me, that I may not die
A sorrower on the sea of doubt.

THE DESERT.

YEARS fly, and Time leaves traces on us all !
They pass, and we in changes live to die !
And oft the clouds that fill the distant sky
Cast gloomy shadows that around us fall !
This earth is not forever ! Every scene
Is like the shifting sand, that blown by winds
Across the burning desert of our minds
In trials deep, hath no oasis green ;
Yet burning sands may sparkle, and the cloud
That seemed to hide the sun, be full of light,
And passing o'er us, if we love the right,
We shall not stoop, beneath its burden bowed :
But trusting still, with Faith our souls shall rise,
Refined in trials deep, to sinless skies.

SAY NOT THE DEAD ARE DEAD.

SAY not the dead are *dead*, because they sleep
Where Naiads sport along the ocean cave,
And Memory rolls its requiem loud and deep
'Mid the hoarse sighing of the wind-tossed wave,
Where naught can reach them in their darkness, save
The Death-paled messenger who sinks to rest
In the deep mysteries of his coral grave,
But sends no tidings from the unfathomed breast,
Of loved and cherished ones that give the heart unrest.

Say not the dead are *dead*, because they lie
Beneath the shadow of some hallowed urn—
Only the finite thing can droop and die—
While round their names our thoughts immortal burn
Like spirit fires that light the soul's return
Down the dim paths of absence, and recall
Back to our sighing sphere our love to learn ;
They are not dead ! Their memories on us fall
Like subtle harmonies in dreamings musical.

Who are the dead? Not they who nobly fight
 In the stern battle of a righteous aim—
 Who utter Truth, regarding only Right,
 Defying Wrong, well-scorning threatened Shame,
 When Power or changing Public Will proclaim
 Corrupt Opinion; they who firm abide,
 Outlive the storm, the rack, the martyr's flame—
 For witnesses do spring their graves beside
 Resounding, trumpet tongued, what they have prophesied.

They are not dead who to one human soul
 Have given one ray of truth—from age to age
 They live unseen; though no revealing scroll
 Emblazons forth on its undying page,
 In bright companionship with seer or sage,
 Their less-used name; the mother to her son,
 Whose fond love-worshippings her heart engage—
 The humble peasant, when the day is done,
 Teaching the smiling child whose race has just begun.

They are not dead who swept the golden lyre,
 And rolled their numbers down the paths of time—
 Who caught a gift of that baptismal fire
 Which burned around and filled the spirit clime
 With the bright flashings of its light sublime;
 They are not dead because their tongues are still,
 Unuttering things they heard in lofty chime—
 We hold communion now, if we but will,
 And bringing thirsty hearts can all their longings fill.

Some die to live! Repining all their days,
Obscurely lone, unfanned by Fortune's breeze,
They see the worthless overborne with praise,
While Merit bends her oft-imploping knees :
Yet trust they on, and Hope's sweet promise seize
Of bright to-morrows, for the help they need :
They die with Hope just holding forth the lees,
Which Fame to nectar turns, and Glory's meed
Records their names on scrolls immortal as their deed.

He lives who dies bequeathing works that tell
That he has been—who so fulfils his race,
That though no dazzling deeds his praises swell,
He yet may find a holy resting place
In the fond heart's remembrance—there to trace
The lasting record of a sinless power,
Imparting still the perfume of his grace ;
He who thus lives, when Death's dim shadows lower,
Shall win eternal life in that transforming hour.

“MOTHER, I SEE IT!”

I HAD a sister once, a blooming child
Of six years old. Her voice was sweeter far
Unto my ear than are melodious lutes,
Or e'en the harp's sweet tones from silver strings;
And in her eye there played a beauteous ray
That seemed the spirit-light that filled her soul
With pure and holy gleaming; it was touched
With love's celestial fire, and sweetly shed
Its winning glance in childhood's joyous hours;
Her glossy curls in flowing ringlets fell
Upon her snowy neck, and in her heart
Were found the springs of innocence and love.

She was a pious child. Her infant voice
Tuned oft its gladsome song of grateful praise,
And warbled adoration forth to Heaven;
Or bowing down she sought by humble prayer
To drink at life's unfailing fount above—
To have her spirit sanctified, and dressed
In angels' robes, spotless and pure as they.

She did not ask in vain. Methinks she quaffed
Life's more than nectar draught—immortal bliss,
And turning back to earth, its waters fell
In radiant drops of holiness and love,
That sparkled in the ray of joy and peace.

She was not long for earth. If angels come
To bear above the spirit pure and bright
To give it to its author—and to claim
Its blest companionship in Heaven; to wing
The image of its God from earthly dross
To where no sin nor taint corrupts its form,
But fadeless as the ray from Heaven's own springs
Keep it unsullied for its Master's use,
They did it then! Disease its havoc made,
And Death, stern sovereign of the mortal life,
Poised his unmerring dart, and sent it home.

Her death was calm and holy. Not a sigh
Escaped her lips; no sorrowing tone was heard
At Death's approach; but waiting to be gone
She longed to hear her Maker call her home.
At last she heard the summons—Faith then held
Her angel hand to bear her safe across
Death's chilly waters—Hope diviner beamed
Her guiding star, and, hasting to its home,
Her spirit, ravished with the brightening ray
Of Heaven's eternal Paradise, exclaimed,
"MOTHER! I SEE IT!" as her parting word.

• "The angels invite me away
 To the land which is tearless and pure,
 Where the clouds never shadow the ray,
 But where glory and peace shall endure;
 They call me to realms of delight
 Where Jesus my Savior is seen,
 Where spirits are stainless and bright
 In bowers of bliss ever green.

"I see it—Immanuel's throne,
 Where my Savior is waiting for me,
 And I haste from this world to be gone
 That I my redemption may see:
 I want to adore him supreme
 From whom no allurement can sever—
 In the light of his life-giving beam
 To love and enjoy him for ever.

"I see it—the crown he has won
 To give me when I shall be there,
 And robes which the light of the sun
 Would fade in, were I to compare;
 I see it, and Jesus is mine,
 I give Him my spirit again,
 And trusting his promise divine
 I say to his bidding, Amen!"

Long years have passed since then, but memory still
True to her trust, brings back the tearful hour
When that one link was broken! But I trust
'Tis not for ever! Oh, what speechless joy
Should fill that spirit which can look on high,
And with the eye of Faith, in humble hope
Of God's eternal promise, can behold
The spirit sanctified and pure in bliss,
Renewing bonds which death has severed here,
But there to be united ne'er to end.

SONNETS TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I.

SHINE on, thou star undimmed by time's decay !
The light of truth by thee from year to year
Still beams, and bids desponding hearts to cheer,
And wins the spirit to its purer sway ;
Thou ! golden link of that eventful time
Which broke the bonds of millions, and when truth
Leaping in transport in a brighter youth,
Poured forth her freedom's song in tones sublime ;
Thou ! beacon for the age ! beneath thy ray
A nation feels thy power, and gladly tells
What high emotion in the bosom swells
To hear thy name, and bless the joyous day
When He who bids thy lips to speak made thee
Columbia's star, which thou shalt ever be.

II.

I love thine honored name ! It cheers my soul,
And when it falls upon my willing ear
I scarce restrain the warm and grateful tear
Which speaks what deep affections in me roll :
Commingling praise and prayer on high ascend—
Praise for a light like thee to point our way,
Prayer that we may not lose thy clearer ray,
Till heaven another star like thee shall send :
What though arraigned and called—my pen, decline—
I will not write *their* shame—'twas only now
A moment heard, for round thine honored brow
Earth's noblest laurels shall forever twine !
Who now condemn shall shed the saddest tear,
And mourn most deep when thou shalt disappear.

III.

Thy glory is thy country's—her high praise
Is praise for thee—and when thy course is run,
Thy work is o'er, thy faithful labor done,
Thou shalt receive the harvest of thy days :
This age tells not thy story, but when thou
Shalt pass away to take a nearer place
Before that "great white throne," redeeming grace
May fit thy spirit for, all hearts will bow
Beneath the stroke, and shed a nation's tears ;
Yet not rebellious thoughts shall prompt our sighs,
For we shall know that from our dimmer skies,
Thou hast but passed to shine for endless years ;
And gently fading from our watchful sight,
Shalt rise from earth to heaven's unclouded light.

1844.

OUR WORLD IS FULL OF JOY.

THERE are who say this world is drear,
With many a thorn upon its path,
That joy conceals the latent tear,
And every smile its weeping hath.

Sad prophets of the cheerless heart !
They never see Life's gladsome smile !
And when it comes they shrink and start,
So fearful they of Pleasure's guile.

If Life's a grave, why sit they here ?
If Life's a pang, why court its pain ?
Why bring their dark forebodings near,
With disappointment in their train ?

'Tis well to know this world is not
The resting place we look for all—
We come—we go—we are forgot—
And careless footsteps o'er us fall.


This life is dark to souls that cling
Tenacious round the scenes of earth,
That earnest seek some base-born thing,
Unknowing joys of purer birth.

But sinless spirits gaze around,
And sinless joys spring forth to view,
For sinless hearts are ever found
Investing Life with sinless hue.

Their spirits seem to look on earth
With vision taught in Heaven's pure clime,
And, gazing far, to know the worth
Of learning in the vale of Time.

They see a world of wondrous mold,
With flowers, and streams, and vales, and hills,
Which Heaven's bright beams fore'er enfold,
And fill them all with rapture thrills.

So speaks the Love Divine to thee :
Be pure, and pure all things will seem—
This sin-marked world will blissful be
Till lost in Heaven's unfading beam.



WORLD WORSHIP.

WAKING with my being's dawn,
Rushing with my harness on,
Till the sands of life are gone.

"Loving Spirit !" then I said,
"Teach me in thy paths to tread,
'Mid the living—'mid the dead."

Forth she led my willing feet,
Where the sounds of millions beat,
In the temple, hall, or street.

Swift pursuing, on I flew,
Ever meeting something new,
While I kept my end in view.

Springing forth in brightest birth,
Rolled parhelia o'er the earth,
Boasting glory's splendid worth.

Dazzled they my eye that sought
Nobler things than e'er were brought
From th' Elysia long forgot.

Then rejoicing strains were sung,
Swelling loud from every tongue,
Tuned with harps in homage strung.

Vision tracing in the sky,
Where the lines scarce meet the eye,
Ere they fade away and die.

Phantom chasing day by day—
Loving things that flit away
Swift as shadows ever may.

Fame pursuing, where the breath
Uttering what the trumpet saith,
Stills the echo in its death.

Fashion changing every hour,
Courting splendor's regal power,
Purchased with the spirit's dower.

Wealth increasing, gilded dross,
Swiftest gathered, swiftest loss—
Slaying souls on Mammon's cross.

Treading where Ambition calls,
Standing in the Senate halls,
Pleading still where Justice falls.

Rushing on 'mid battle's din,
Plunging in the tide of sin,
Fame's ensanguined meed to win.

Castle building, where the ground
Groans with marble strewn around,
Ivy covered, ruin bound.

Building temples in desire,
Lighting altars with the fire
Kindled at the spirit's pyre.

Vanish earth's delusive schemes,
Joys that seek Lethean streams,
Hope's bright gossamer of dreams.

Perish they though high they rise,
Crumble they before our eyes,
Prostrate where all greatness lies.

Thus this worship cheats the soul,
Leads it on to find the goal
Where delusion ends the whole.

But there is a nobler still—
Come, World Worshipper! who will,
Find a soul-pervading thrill.

Find it breaking, beaming bright,
Through the soul's delaying night,
Hastening on the wing of Light.

THE DIVINE MISSION.

"At the introduction of Christianity into the world, the Roman world was full of slaves, and I suppose there is to be found no injunction against that relation between man and man, in the teachings by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or by any of his Apostles."—DANIEL WEBSTER, in U. S. Senate, March 7, 1850.

"When he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—LUKE, iv., 17, 18.

In the soft starlight of the Eastern sky
The shepherds watched. The calm moon rolled in peace,
The stars shone in their courses, and the wind
Came balmy from the plains of Araby.
The shepherds watched, and talked of Israel,
And sighed, that Zion by the Roman foot
Was trodden in the dust. They talked of Him
Whose mission was deliverance, and whose reign
Should be forever—of MESSIAH spoke,
And looked to Heaven in tears.

While yet the words
 Were on their lips, a luminous throng came down
 And sang in seraph strains ; their harps they swept
 With touch sublime, and on the balmy air
 Glad tidings floated in delicious sounds.

* * * * *

It was the Sabbath. In the synagogue
 The waiting worshippers were met. Ere long
 One meekly rose, and from the sacred book
 Read audibly. A grace sublime, serene,
 Adorned his placid brow, and eloquent eyes
 That searched with deepest gaze the inmost soul,
 Flashed truth to obdurate hearts that ne'er had moved,
 Or softened into love. Isaiah's fire,
 That oft had made th' expectant spirit burn,
 Inspired the theme, and with divinest words,
 Of Wisdom's depths, and God's unchanging law,
 Of Judah's hope, and Earth's desired day,
 He spoke—THE WONDERFUL, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

The Anointed Prophet of Eternal Will
 Declared his mission. To the lowly ones
 Who had no treasure here, he offered things
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor thought
 Of man conceived—wealth that outweighs the spheres,
 Robes woven from a spotless purity,
 Mansions on golden streets, whose city gates
 Were pearls and emeralds—and fragrant paths
 In fields of Paradise, where all are rich,
 For all have God their Father, and his smiles.

The groping ones who stumbling learned the way,
And saw nor noonday sun, nor hymning stars,
Nor looked upon the lily to behold
A greater glory than Judea's king—
Nor saw the river roll, nor lightnings play,
Nor dewy meads around their Holy Land,
He taught to see. One word bade darkness flee,
And while the night was rolling from the eye
The spiritual day revealed a world
Where light unclouded in its glory beams.

Where the lone captive in his sadness wept,
And sighed for Freedom, while his thoughts returned
To Life's young Spring, and Memory led him back
To Fatherland—and where the wounded heart
Sunk in its sorrows deep, and plaintively tuned
Its breaking chords to Hope's expiring hymn—
Where bondmen toiled, and prisoners from their cells
Invoked the day—where heavy burdens bowed
The laboring throng, the Strong Deliverer trod.
Oppression heard his doom, the prisoner leaped,
The bondman bruised heard Liberty proclaimed,
And sought his well-loved Fatherland.

So, now,
He speaks as then ! The Counselor Divine,
Bids the chains fall, and bids the oppressed go free !
And giving Liberty that angels use,
Points us to Heaven, the Freeman's Fatherland.

THE FUGITIVE.

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any laws or regulations therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service is due."—*Constitution of the United States, Art. iii., Sec. 2.*

THE North Star beamed with a radiant light,
As it watched 'mid the countless spheres,
And the strong ray fell on the blue of night,
As it did in the golden years ;
Down on the shore of this star-lit sea,
The outlined verge of the dusky earth,
There floated the spirits, pure and free,
That called the Auroral Lights to birth.

They rustled their robes and an orient flush
Was pencilling beams on the arching sky,
And the rainbow seemed with electric rush
In a thousand flashes swift to fly,
Till the thin veil hung o'er the Milky Way,
And the whispering spirits breathed afar,
While they lingered on high till the dawn of day,
Then slept in the watch of the Northern Star.

Down in the home of the sunny clime,
In the everglade gloom of his cheerless soul,
A tear-dimmed eye, that looked for the time
Of his broken chain, saw the North Star roll;
And the light flashed in on his doubt and gloom,
And the tear dried up on his sunburnt cheek,
For he heard such a star would his path illumine
To the freeman's home if he would but seek.

So he knelt him down where the tall cane grows,
And he vowed that night that he would be free,
And he prayed to Heaven and he proudly rose
From the vow and prayer on his suppliant knee;
'Twas the land of his birth—but he stood alone—
His wife and his children—where were they?
To the far land borne, and their parting tone
Was the requiem of hope as they passed away.

The star shone forth with a radiant light,
As he sped, hard pressed, for the land he sought,
And he lurked by day, but he ran by night,
Till he reached the land of his holy thought;
The cloud passed on from his saddened brow,
Sang the birds in a sweeter strain,
For the sun rose up on a freeman now,
And he loosed him there of the bondman's chain.

And a crystal stream he knelt beside
With a freeman's vow on a freeman's tongue,
While he gaily walked in a freeman's pride,
And a freeman's joyous song he sung ;
With a heart of Hope, and the hand of toil,
In the new life now he had just begun,
With a faith in man, and an uncursed soil,
He sprang to his task with the rising sun.

But the chains reforged for his healing limbs
In a Freeman's hand to his home were borne,
For the trade-bond old which our light bedims
On the Freeman's altar once was sworn ;
And the Northman spoke in the deadening ears,
The Northman's chains met his tear-filled eyes,
And the words of doom chilled his soul with fears,
And the shackles clanked 'mid his hopeless sighs.

The North Star paled to a feeble light,
And a dark cloud shrouded the starry spheres,
While the gloom of a drear and rayless night,
And the large rain spoke of a world in tears ;
To the land of his birth, where he stood alone,
With a stronger chain he was carried then,
And the branded bondman was never known
To look at the bright North Star again.

THE SELF-FREED.

"No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any laws or regulations therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but SHALL BE DELIVERED UP on claim of the party to whom such service is due."—*U. S. Constitution, Art. iii, Sec. 2.*

"Thou SHALT NOT DELIVER unto his master the servant who is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you in that place where he shall choose, in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him."—*Deut. xxiii, 15, 16.*

I SAT at my door on an eve in Spring,
When the day with its toil was o'er,
And I listened and heard my children sing
The hymn I had often sung before;
The full round moon was just lighting the sky,
As it rose on the distant hill,
And the stars looked down with a placid eye
On the hamlet whose inmates were still.

The hymn had died out on the whispering breeze,
And lost was the sweet, tuneful sound,
While the shadows that fell from the tall poplar trees
Were stretching along on the ground;

When there stopped at the gate a man weary and worn,
Who leaned on the wicket and spoke,
As he asked for a place where to sleep till the morn—
He would go ere the neighbors awoke.

He took off his hat and he heaved a sigh,
As he asked for some bread to eat,
And my bosom swelled up, I could scarcely tell why,
For my heart with its sympathy beat ;
I bade him walk in—I would hear his tale—
He should eat and stay there for the night ;
So he left his old staff leaning by on a rail,
And a bundle just pushed out of sight.

He held his torn hat in his hand on his knee,
And he seemed very fearful at first,
But he saw of a friend he was certain in me,
And he told me his tale, e'en the worst ;
He said—" I have come from the land of the slave,
Where the waters of Ocmulgee rolled,
And I'd rather lie down even now in my grave,
Than go back to the South to be sold."

With a prayer in his gaze, and a tremulous voice,
He begged me to help him along—
And I told him to cheer, in his soul to rejoice,
For I hated the Curse and the Wrong ;
I would show him the way and send him to friends
Who would help him for Freedom to fly,
Where the free air floats, and the free soul bends
To the Author of Freedom on high.

My heart welled up with a holy joy,
As I looked at my toil-worn guest,
And I bade my darling girl and boy
Sing a hymn ere they went to rest ;
And they went and took of their little store,
And out of their hearts they gave,
And we thanked our God that we had still more
In love for the flying slave.

'Tis the Law of God in the human soul—
'Tis the Law in the Word Divine !
It shall live while the earth in its course shall roll,
IT SHALL LIVE IN THIS SOUL OF MINE !
Let the law of the land forge its bond of wrong !
I will help when the self-freed crave !
For the law in my soul bright beaming and strong,
Bids me succor the flying slave !

SWEAR YE NOW, O MY BROTHERS!

Lo! the Land of the West, where the rivers of gold

Roll adown from the hills to the sands of the sea!

There the eye of the Freeman shall ever behold

Virgin soil that shall spring to the tread of the Free.

From the hills, ever capped with the coronal snow,

To the waves freely dashing their pearls on the beach,

Where the streams o'er the glittering of wealth onward flow,

Shall the accents resound that of Liberty teach.

Lo! the Land of the West! there the Freeman shall rise,

In the pride of his birth, with his standard on high,

And shall point to the East, where the flush of the skies

Gives the promise of Freedom that never shall die!

And the Sun, as he wheels in his chariot of day,

Shall convey from the East, and the hills of the North,

In the flash of his beam, and the light of his way,

Holy vows of the Freemen that utter them forth.

Shall these hills ever sound with the cry of the Slave?
 Shall these vales ever moan o'er the shackle and chain?
 Shall these rivers bear down with their wealth to the wave
 Reddened drops of the blood wrung in anguish and pain?
 Say, O Freeman! canst thou in those valleys foredoom
 To the bond, and the lash, and the night of despair,
 To the grave of the soul, and the heart's rayless tomb,
 Countless throngs that shall toil in their misery there?

Let the Southron go back with his chivalric claim!
 Shall the Freeman yield up, when his life is at stake?
 Let the everglades welcome the depth of the shame,
 While Freedom the bonds of the victim shall break.
 There is land enough now with the curse of the slave,
 And the day dimly dawns when that, too, shall be free,
 Stand ye firm, Freeman all! Ye shall now dig the grave
 Where the shackle, and chain, and the fetter shall be.

By the vow that was sworn on the altars of old,
 Where our fathers stood up and appealed to their God,
 By the blood that was shed, richer far than the gold
 That allures to the land where the Indian has trod;
 By the free air we breathe, and the soil that we love,
 And the hopes springing forth of the depths of the soul,
 By the rights of all men, by the Ruler above,
 Not a slave shall be found where the rivers do roll.

Swear ye now, O my Brothers! The vow liveth long!

It is Freedom that calls you from sleeping to-day!

If ye "quit you like men" ye shall echo the song,

O'er the hills and the vales in your glorious array!

And the age shall give birth to an empire of hope!

And the land shall bring forth of her treasures of peace,

While the rivers and streams leaping down from the slope

Of the mountains of gold shall the riches increase.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

CALM rolled the cycles of th' eternal years,
While through unmeasured paths of holy light
That reach the central orb, a countless throng
Of messengers obeyed the sovereign will,
And swept their golden lyres in songs divine.

Forth of that orb there flowed a living stream
Whose ripples broke along the pearly shore,
And floods of light, that had no dazzling ray,
Fell on the throng that trod the flowery banks,
Or sat beneath the Tree of Life that bore
Ambrosial fruit, where names we know not here
Fell from the seraph lips in such sweet tones
Of rich, deep harmony, as filled the soul
With glorious love, and gave to spirits pure
High earnest of their being's end and aim.

Faith walked with wedded Hope, while Meekness leaned
On Promise, who, with songs of joyful Trust,

Called Patience to his side, and led a train
Of shining ones, in whom surpassing grace
Was ever seen, and on whose placid brows
The mellowing light passed like a zephyr's breath,
And pressed them with their Author's changeless seal ;
Delight, a holy dove, with winning tone
Cheered amaranthine bowers ; the radiant throng,
With step majestic roamed the flowery fields,
And o'er the elastic meads unsandalled feet
Lent printless paths of emerald golden light.

There free air kissed immortal flowers that gave
Unequalled fragrance to the throng who culled
Unfading wreaths ; there songs from shining harps
Were ever free ; there Thought sped freely on
In soaring flight, that reached the highest steeps :
There Freedom led the host, and sweetly spoke
Of themes profound, and gave the spirit band
The Liberty, that God, their Author willed.

So through the countless orbs the songs are free !
So roll th' unnumbered spheres through Heaven's blue
depths !

So where all spiritual being wakes
The reverent thought, or joins the starry choir
That circles round the throne, and worships Him
With soul intelligent, they all are free.

So man hath his commission ! Looking forth
From Nature's light, with Revelation's ray,

In service of his Father, all his thought
And all his action free ! Aspiring still,
He sees the infinite, and strong desire,
Beyond expression, leads him ever forth
To newer paths. Expanding in his race
His spirit soars, and where Inquiry leads
His hastening feet, he freely treads the way.
Though oft usurpers crush his free born powers,
He still is free ! Though Sin of countless forms
And tyrants forge their shackles, he is free !
Though fierce Oppression treads the millions down
To fill the world with tears, and build its pyre,
The end shall come ! The gloomy night is past !
Man shall not groan forever in his chains !
But Freedom, in the wilderness of graves,
Shall prophesy, and raise the dead to life.

O holy Promise ! Haste the glorious day !
E'en now the songs of Hope fill all the earth
And wake the slumb'ring soul. Speed swiftly on
Till all Earth's chains are broken ! Till the soul,
Renewed in holy love, shall win its boon,
And Freedom, with her blessings richly given,
Shall fill the world with never-ending praise.

THE SOUL'S UNREST.

I HAVE an Atheist in my breast
Who lurks within its inmost cell,
Who smiles amid the soul's unrest,
And round me weaves Abaddon's spell.

I learned the truth in years gone by,
When first awoke my inner sight,
And day-dawn met my shade-filmed eye,
That now has scarce escaped the night.

He lingers round his secret place,
No power has yet compelled him thence,
Where, half-subdued, he hides his face,
Yet makes a bold and long defence.

An Egypt was my heart at first,
And plagues were there—how long they reign !
Its streams and vales with sin accurst—
Its love of self an arid plain.

Bright things of hope soon died away,
And left pale ashes in their shrine,
Where, at the altar stood Decay,
The minister of dreams like mine.

And through the labyrinth of doubt,
Deep underground, like that of old,
I strove to find my pathway out,
Where Faith's bright sun I might behold.

The first-born of my heart was slain,
Strong Love that knew not death till then,
While holy sisters joined the train
That hastened to their tomb again.

Oh, that some full, o'erflowing Nile
Might irrigate the barren sands!
Then should the verdure spring the while
Heaven's guardian angel near me stands.

Then in the Goshen of my soul,
Bright beams of bliss their light shall pour,
And lead me where the anthems roll
O'er Holy Lands for evermore,

AN INVOCATION

FOR THE NATIONAL FAST DAY, AUGUST 3, 1849.

God over all ! Thou Source of life !
Who spake and man awoke from dust !
We humbly bow before thy throne,
For in thy name alone we trust.

Thy sovereign and mysterious law
Gives ashes life, to dust its breath,
Or messengers obey thy will
And lead the millions down to death.

Stay Thou the pestilence that walks
In day's bright beam or night's deep shade ;
Nor let the nation hopeless sigh,
Nor vainly look to Thee for aid.

Stay thou the spoiler's tireless hand !
Speak Thou, O God ! and Death shall wait
For Thou alone canst bid him cease,
And bend submissive at thy gate.

A nation humbly bows to THEE !
A nation bows before thy throne !
Speak life, O God, and death shall flee,
And praise shall rise to Thee alone.

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## TRENTON FALLS.

LET me walk silently these forest aisles,  
Where Nature calls my noiseless feet to stray,  
And where, as on I thread th' embowered way,  
Her loveliness my spirit well beguiles ;  
Here let me walk along these lofty steeps  
In God's high presence ! Here he reared the pile,  
And ancient tribes entombed within erewhile,  
And hurls the waters to profoundest deeps ;  
Here, where the glories of the young world spread  
Fresh as when forth it came from God's own hand,  
Let me subdued, in silent worship stand,  
Or solemnly in nature's temple tread ;  
Here let me learn how weak, how frail am I,  
And seek the brighter glories of the sky.

## A FLOWER IN MEMORY'S PATH.

I LOVE to see the blooming flowers  
Throw round their wealth of green and gold ;  
They bring me richly back the hours  
Which o'er my early footsteps rolled.

Far down in Memory's holy path  
My Love returns with silvery feet,  
And sees the sacred things it hath,  
That make its pictures pure and sweet.

Down in the shady grove and dell  
I ran and played at hide and seek,  
Where ringing peals of laughter fell  
In joyous mirth at Mischief's freak.

There tripped the partner of my love,  
Dear MEROY—life's uniting twin !  
Long since she found the world above  
Where joy is never stained with sin.

How dreams revive her loving tone!  
A golden shower of holy thought—  
When on the bank or mossy stone  
We sat and twined the flowers we brought.

Thou, watcher of my wayward will,  
Wert monitor—so dear to me!  
Thy soft reproofs are breathing still  
O'er paths and scenes unknown to thee.

Oh, could I speak to thee again,  
And feel thy little hand in mine,  
I think the changing praise of men  
Would not be worth the half of thine!

Dear angel of my early years!  
Life's sacred flower that ne'er shall fade!  
Through joys, and pains, and often fears,  
I wander back where thou art laid.

Deep in the temple of my heart  
My Hope is watching o'er thy name,  
And bids my fond aspirings start  
While Love wakes up anew its flame.

I see the future, and I long  
In sinless paths with thee to roam,  
Where evermore the angel song  
Shall tell the glory of our home.

## THE HEART'S FINE GOLD.

I saw a little girl  
That shivered by my side,  
And the sparkling snow, with a whiff and a whirl,  
Wove a frosty wreath in her hanging curl,  
As she pushed her hair aside.

I saw her tearful eye,  
That spoke in tender power,  
And the throbbing heart, with a throe and a sigh,  
Were the speaking tongues that assured me why  
She came in that chilly hour.

I asked what brought her there—  
In accents low and sad,  
She asked for some food, for a crust was the fare  
Of mother and babe, 'mid the heart's despair—  
In rags they were thinly clad.

Her father with the dead  
Had gone to take his rest ;  
He had struggled long with the toil and the dread  
Of the life in which the laborers tread,  
And had always done his best.

Her simple tale I heard,  
Nor did she speak in vain,  
For the prayerful tone, and the sigh, and the word  
Of the pale thin lips, all my pity stirred,  
As she spoke in tears again.

Her wants I well supplied  
With such as I could spare,  
And the poor girl wept in her soul's grateful tide,  
For her heart was full, and she vainly tried  
To utter its promptings there.

My heart grew rich that day—  
My soul more noble grew—  
For her tears that fell were the gems in the ray  
Of the great Love Sun that shall chase away  
The Night and its gloom-born dew.

I would that I could spend  
My life in joys like this,  
I would gather gems, and the gold with them blend  
Of a thousand hearts, till my life should end  
In a heaven of Love's pure bliss.



## THE HUMMING BIRD, THE BEE, AND THE ROSE.

A HUMMING BIRD, on lightning wing,  
Was hovering near a lovely bower,  
A glancing, rapid, humming thing,  
That bore the hue of every flower.

Swift to a blooming Rose he flew,  
To sip the dainty, scented sweet,  
A sparkling drop of honey-dew  
Dropped at the pistil's golden feet.

Just as he sought to probe the cell,  
With keen desire to find the store,  
A Honey Bee, that knew it well,  
Sung while the wealth away he bore.

Thus Pleasure oft allures for naught,  
And leaves the soul unsatisfied;  
Which, like the Humming Bird, untaught,  
Reproaches Fate, as when he cried—

“ Why didst thou give thy nectar up  
To that unfashioned, droning thing ?  
I claim alone the ruby cup,  
When I come by with rainbow wing.

“ With soft, sweet tone and gentle strain,  
I here my early vows renew,  
And I must have them back again  
In drops of amber ever new.”

The blushing Rose, in conscious pride  
Of innocence, and duty done,  
Turned but a struggling bud aside  
To catch the June enlivening sun :

And answered, “ This may teach thee why :  
Thou, fair bright Visiter ! wouldst sip  
The bounty of the morning sky,  
And take the sweetness from my lip :

“ And so doth he—but wisely turns  
E'en drops to luscious stores of sweet,  
And by his faithful labor earns  
The homage I each day repeat.

“ The laborer who sings and prays  
In sweet Employment's busy hum,  
Shall worship in the sunny rays,  
And find ere night the answer come.

“The laborer who toils and sings,  
Shall sing because his toil is love,  
Whose spirit hovers on the wings  
Of Hope, the toiler’s early dove.”

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## THE PRESS.

A MILLION tongues are thine, and they are heard  
Speaking of hope to nations, in the prime  
Of Freedom’s day, to hasten on the time  
When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred  
With higher aims than now—when man shall call  
Each man his brother—each shall tell to each  
His tale of love—and pure and holy speech  
Be music for the soul’s high festival!  
Thy gentle notes are heard, like choral waves,  
Reaching the mountain, plain, and quiet vale—  
Thy thunder tones are like the sweeping gale,  
Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves;  
And earth’s remotest island hears the sound  
That floats on ether wings the world around!

## THE TOILERS.

Two English Brothers, dwarfs in size,  
That of a noble race were born,  
Set out to win a lofty prize  
Upon an April's flowery morn.

But no great prize is lightly won,  
No lofty point is softly gained,  
No noble task untoiling done,  
No high renown for nought attained.

And thus these brothers early found  
Their path with toil and trial set,  
But to their promise onward bound,  
They conquered each as each they met.

Till one, who fainted by the way,  
When some great obstacle was seen,  
Exclaimed, "I can't wear out the day,  
If this must early intervene!"

His brother said, in faith and zeal,  
    " I'll try what strong resolve can do !"  
While in the dust I saw him kneel,  
    And, kneeling, hurl it out of view.

The sweat scarce wiped away, they spied  
    A Lion in the narrow path,  
When he of faltering courage cried,  
    " I can't endure the noise he hath !"

" O Brother !" quoth the Lion-Heart,  
    " Be not of timorous soul to-day !  
I'll try the noisy foe to start,  
    And thou shalt watch while him I slay !"

At eve the long, hard struggle came—  
    A hill that vexed the weary eye ;  
But on its top arose a flame  
    That lit the azure vault on high.

The doubting Hope of one expired—  
    He said, " I can't attain the top !"  
While one, with new devotion fired,  
    Exclaimed, " I'll try ! I will not stop !"

And on, alone, with springing feet,  
    That more elastic grew with hope,  
He made o'erhanging crags repeat  
    The songs that cheered the mountain slope.

And soon, as by supernal power,  
    A giant-hero on the skies,  
He won, at evening's placid hour,  
    His full reward, a deathless prize.

So shall the strong of heart be blessed,  
    So shall their strength be well renewed,  
So they, in Toil's rewarded Rest  
    Shall find the Ideal they have viewed.

## MORNING.

THE dreaming world awakens! Swift the Night  
Speeds to his chambers in the realms of doom,  
And leaves the pathway of the Angel bright  
Whose song is Hope! The hero bands exhume  
Bold Truth, in bold aspirings, from the tomb.  
The hoary hierarch enfolds his wings  
And lays him down to die. Strong rays consume  
The rusty shackles, and the nameless things  
Forged in his gloomy cells, the patronry of kings.

They, in their pride, and plenitude of power,  
Peopled the dungeon; with the sceptre slew;  
And, as with baubles of a sunny hour,  
Played with the millions 'mid the dead they threw  
Along their path, upreared the chosen few,  
Gambled for crowns, and parceled out to thieves  
God's heritage, and bade the titled crew,  
Stained with the guilt which Sin unpardoned leaves  
Mortgage to Pain and Death the earth's autumnal sheaves.

Bald Priests that learned the legendry of lies,  
And taught the errors of a sullied creed,  
Paid court to earthly power, made merchandise  
Of pardon or of grace; saw millions bleed,  
Nor sought to save them in the hour of need.  
Proud faith that wedded antique forms of sin—  
That mixed the night-shade with the heavenly seed—  
That gained a conquest 'mid the battle's din,  
Or sought by rack and flame its children back to win.

Legends of bones, and coats, and mouldering rags,  
Fraud's stock in trade, shall cheat the world no more  
With miracles or marvels. Credence wags  
His head in doubt, while Wonder swings the door  
On grating hinges, where the dusty store  
Is safely kept. The abject slave of Fraud,  
In whom Faith meant abasement, shall explore  
New paths of Light; and where the satyrs trod,  
Shall bring his new born hope a sacrifice to God.

The tall, gaunt spectres in their grim array—  
Fear's Cyclop race, that in their terror shake,  
And feel the walls of darkness on their way—  
Were visions of weak minds that dared not stake  
One effort in a bold attempt to break  
The chains that bound them—were the ghosts that frayed  
Great souls to littleness, and bade them take  
Prescriptive faith on trust, while bigots laid  
Rough hands on Nature's truth, and loved the gloom they  
made.



Like stealthy foes who throw their bulwarks up  
 And dig their trenches deep, in Night's dark reign,  
 The titled few passed round the gilded cup,  
 Profanely drank "Death and Damnation's pain  
 To him who dares his holy rights regain!"  
 And built gray Bastiles, where the bloody wall  
 Should catch the sound, and roll it on again  
 From fanes magnificent; whose pealing call  
 Allured the trusting soul to Sin's wild carnival.

Not so forever! God's eternal law,  
 Written unfading in the living soul,  
 Is LIBERTY! Though cherished creeds may draw  
 Millions of wanderers to their gloomy goal,  
 And kings and priests with sceptre or with stole  
 May make them bow in darkness, light shall pour  
 From the blue depths where ever onward roll  
 The shining orbs, which life and joy restore  
 To countless sighing hearts on Death's insatiate shore.

E'en now the ray is streaming! Lo, the song  
 Wakes up from altars of spontaneous fire,  
 While laborers of Hope their prayers prolong  
 To Toil's high worship, ACTION! Morning's lyre,  
 The golden beams which make the shades retire,  
 Sends down the mountain slope its holy strain—  
 The vision of the aching heart's desire!  
 And while long shadows linger on the plain,  
 The opening flowers expand to catch the light again.

The world's deep sleep is now an ancient myth—  
So strange it seems to light accustomed eyes—  
Whose record points to Heaven, a monolith  
Of darkness and of death; its corner lies  
In graves and charnels where the spirit dies  
In pale-faced fear; but where th' unnumbered dead  
Once more to life and vigor shall arise:  
Th' empyrean shows the sunbeams overhead,  
While giants shake the earth as down the abyss they tread.

The dreaming world awakens! Morning's call  
Rolls round the earth in numbers clear and strong;  
On distant isles the welcome sound shall fall  
And on the tawny tribes of Asia's throng,  
While Afric's sunburnt children, doomed to wrong,  
Shall join the Japhet race, and swell on high  
The life-command, the world's redemption song,  
Till Heaven's full beam shall fill the azure sky,  
And in unending Day the Morning's light shall die.

## THE DEATH SEAL.

My days are almost over! Life to me  
Has lost its ardor, and I stand and sigh  
On the lone shores of Death, where chilling air  
Comes fanning my pale cheek. Its dampening breath  
Bids the cold drops to gather on my brow,  
While on the verge I stand, and see the waves,  
One after one advancing ripples leave  
On the smooth shore, whereon a bony hand,  
With its long finger marks their silent tread.

I have once fondly reckoned on a life  
Of highest honor—trusting that my aim  
Me leading through the paths of bright renown,  
Would make my name immortal. I aspired  
To weave Fame's laurel round my brow, and seal  
Ambition's deeds with virtue. On my path  
My hopes, not selfish, led my hastening feet  
Up Alpine cliffs, and through the deepest gorge

Of Labor's realm, where rose the giddy height  
My ardor oft would scale. There tipped the sun  
The beetling crag with golden dreams—and there  
Submission in the vale of humble deeds  
Inured the soul to love, and made it know  
Alternate lights and shades, and heights and depths,  
Contrasted strong to discipline and teach.

But strength lasts not forever. Golden harps,  
Though strung by angel hands, whereon they breathe  
Immortal song among the chosen wires,  
Must weaken and decay. And so I change !  
My pulse beats slow and feebly. Yesterwhile  
I felt it leap with vigor, while the tide  
Coursed on through every limb. It seemed to win  
Life through its ruddy channels, that my joy,  
Clad in a roseate flush, might welcome me  
In every scene. But now a dull, faint throb  
That seemeth fearful to disturb the rest  
In my heart's chambers, slowly tolls the knell  
Of dying moments on their seaward flight.  
I know my limit. Day by day I see  
The drapery of the tomb close round my bed,  
And soon I shall lie down to breathless sleep,  
And make my pillow on my mother's breast.  
So in the earth's dim silence shall my heart  
Keep silence too : so in the earth's dull ear  
Shall my dull plaint be spoken, there to die  
As echoless as in unbounded space.

Methinks all things are changing : they to me  
Have lost their beauty—slowly come they all  
With a strange look of sadness that creates  
A world within my stirring world of thought.  
Yet they must change still further—I must see  
Deep cherished things bedimmed, while strange death  
films

Steal silently o'er eyes that loved them long ;  
Sweet sounds that raptured me entrance no more,  
And scenes that kindled Hope's imparted fire  
Have no delighting token—all are lost  
In the blank desert haze that fills my soul  
And seals with listlessness my inmost being.

But all shall yet once quicken ere the heart  
Beats its last throb. My soul shall wake again  
In strains of harmony—my eyes shall see  
With keener vision—I shall love again  
With stronger ardor than I ever knew—  
And one bright view delightfully shall pass  
Across my spirit ere I launch away.

Let the waves come ! I have no terror now !  
I am not dead to Faith ! Its holy power  
Thrills me with new emotions, and awakes  
New life within my heart. It gently speaks,  
And kindling up my spirit, I behold  
The hills eternal, where these transient joys  
And sense-loved things are not. There purer scenes  
And purer air delight the ransomed soul.

I can well trust the promise—Sight to Faith—  
Fruition Hope's deliverer—Joy for Tears—  
Eternal smiles for Time's complaints—a world  
Where seraphs sweep their bliss-strung harps of gold  
For one where walks the traveller in gloom.

Oh, I can breathe once more! I feel the life  
Tingling my veins and leaping on its tide  
Toward my rest. I will now step to meet  
The advancing wave. Oh, THOU! SUPREMEST GOOD!  
Let me be wafted from the sands of Time  
To see Thee in thy realm where ever flows  
Life's crystal river by its golden shore!

## DECEMBER.

I HAVE December in my heart,  
And piercing winds blow cold and keen—  
They rudely rend the robes apart  
In which my spring-time Hope was seen.

With frosty hand I strive to wind  
The scattered things around my frame—  
And some broad oak to get behind  
To wake my love-fire's dying flame.

In my bright greenwood I behold  
The once-loved trees all stripped and bare,  
And, shivering, I endure the cold,  
Leafless, like them, in my despair.

The hills which once I loved to climb  
In buoyant toil, with Hope in view,  
Have lost the spirit's summer time,  
And wear a drear, unwelcome hue.

My soul's wide fields of ripening grain,  
That promised golden harvests all,  
Are blighted with untimely rain,  
And scorching drouths, and sere-brown fall.

The silver stream that flowed along  
In Joy's bright day, a flashing tide,  
Is frozen ; and the boatman's song  
Is hushed—my oar is laid aside.

The trees where once I gathered fruit  
Creak with the pain of frosted limbs,  
And sitting at the sapless root  
The driving snow my sight bedims.

How fall Life's storms upon my way !  
How pass Life's years from birth till death !  
The Spring is Autumn in my day,  
And Summer brings me Winter's breath.

It is December ! and erewhile  
My sorrowing years shall all be past !  
My dying Hope, on Sorrow's isle,  
Asks, " Shall December always last ? "

The winds sweep by nor heed my woe—  
The frost makes crystals of my tears—  
While all around the drifting snow  
In trackless plains my grave appears.



Yet comes there, 'mid the Old Year's toll,  
In one faint gleam of Hope's pure ray,  
The answer, "No! Endure, O Soul!  
December shall be turned to May!"

## A TRUE LIFE.

In a cot at the foot of the hill,  
Near the lane that runs down to the mill,  
There is life that is holy and still.

In the lofty grand elms at the door,  
Which have wintered a century or more,  
Build the robins their nests as of yore.

There's an orchard of fruit-laden trees,  
And the garden near by, where sweet peas  
And the flowers, lend their wealth to the breeze.

On the lawn in the front romping round,  
While their voices ring gladly the sound  
Of their mirth, happy children are found.

On the trellis the woodbine is seen,  
With its leaves of a rich emerald green,  
And the bees humming round and between.

And the vine at the old-fashioned door,  
As it twines the gray roof o'er and o'er,  
Blooming brightly with flowers as before.

The old man at the door sitting down,  
With his working coat dusty and brown,  
And the silver of years for a crown.

It is Evening on Earth, and to him—  
For his eye is each year growing dim,  
And departing the strength of each limb.

He has lived a long while in that cot—  
Very dear to his heart is the spot  
Where he lingers though others are not.

In the gable, I have oft heard him say,  
Where he slept at the close of the day,  
His dear mother first taught him to pray.

At the homestead he lived in his prime—  
He is there in his Life's Evening Time—  
And his life hath a moral sublime.

It is LABOR in pureness of heart,  
Ever doing in PATIENCE its part,  
Looking more to the TRUTH than to Art.

It is FATH with its bowers ever green,  
It is LOVE with a glory serene,  
It is HOPE which its promise hath seen.

He has cheered the pure path he has trod,  
With the sandal of PEACE he was shod,  
For he found his true life in his God.

•

## T I M E .

Time is an island on a boundless sea,  
Whose shores by grain on grain, unseen and slow,  
Rise from the bosom of eternity ;  
Its progress marked by gentle waves which throw  
Their precious sands along the beach, and show  
In gentle ripples what their ages be ;  
By these we note Time's progress—here may know  
By lessons written in the sand, how we  
May place true value on the fleeting world we see.

Oh, wondrous Isle ! what varied scenes are thine !  
What vivid teachings do not each afford !  
Here, spreading plains where on their beauties shine  
The light of Heaven in streams of glory poured ;  
There, Nature's works which men have each adored ;  
Here, everglades where chilling shades consign  
To night the soul that ne'er hath love implored ;  
Or there, most blest ! before its holy shrine,  
Some spirit offers up its sacrifice divine.

This island hath a river broad and deep,  
In which mankind once plunged are known no more—  
Lethe—whose secret depths most firmly keep  
Treasures untold they never will restore.  
Oh, could we find in Nature's boundless store,  
Some secret thing to make the waters clear  
And change the turbid flood; what sight would pour  
Upon our vision, and once more appear  
Jewels, and priceless pearls, and gems, unnumbered here.

I love to mount those cliffs where silent shade  
Clothes with its solemn light the highest steep,  
Where evening dew on all around me laid  
Seem like the welcome lure to nature's sleep;  
And there my spirit bids me vigils keep,  
To see, through darkened ages' gathered gloom,  
How many trembling millions sorrowing weep,  
While scarce a ray of hope can once illumine  
The sadness of their path that leads them to the tomb.

I love to climb those hills and calmly spend  
In contemplation sweet my happy hours,  
Where joys serene their gracious influence blend  
With rich perfume of Heaven implanted flowers.  
Here would I bid my vision stretch her powers  
And cherish scenes which richly round me lay,  
Where waves of an eternity soon ours  
Fall gently on the beach and seem to say,  
Mortal! thy swelling wave shall die and pass away!

I love to walk on Time's expanded shore,  
And view the changes by its progress brought,  
And with unwearied labor to explore  
The ruin its destroying power hath wrought ;  
What nations bloomed which long have been forgot,  
Clothed in the darkness of Oblivion's pall !  
How long in vain have thousands earnest sought  
The precious records they can ne'er recall—  
Lost in the surges deep that bid an empire fall.

Or there, half-buried with the lapse of years,  
What wondrous trophies do we not behold,  
Where scarce concealed from view their form appears,  
Though wave on wave has o'er them roughly rolled,  
And left their story more than half untold !  
Here see where pride, and pomp, and pageant lie,  
There, scattered riches and uncounted gold—  
And to my heart they each in turn reply,  
Build not thy mansion here, thy home is in the sky !

I look around and see the unnumbered throng  
Of fellow mortals on yon beaten plains,  
And on their pathway as they pass along  
Each has a handful of Time's golden grains ;  
E'en prodigal in this, he scarce retains  
The sifting treasure ; Folly's willing slave,  
He joins unthinking in her giddy trains,  
Till, gone too far, he finds no hand to save,  
And meets in flowery pitfalls an unwelcome grave.

But, let ME live to THEE, my God, to THEE !  
And as my footsteps on the yielding sand  
Press deeper as I near the boundless sea,  
Give me Thy Spirit, all my soul to free  
From Time's foul dross, that I may fitter be  
To plunge beneath the ocean's foaming crest ;  
And then, supported by thy gracious hand,  
In thy rich robes of heavenly glory drest,  
To sink, and rise again, and be forever blest.



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